



SPECIAL GIANT CHRISTMAS HORROR ISSUE! WITH **COLOR!**

# CREEPY

US\$6.99  
PDC  
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BETTER NOT  
SHOUT...

BETTER NOT  
CRY...



...BETTER  
WATCH  
OUT...

I'M TELLING  
YOU WHY...

SANTA  
CLAUS IS  
COMING  
TO TOWN!

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# A FEW WORDS AND PICTURES ABOUT OUR BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE.

**THE SPIRIT** is about to haunt your newsstand.

Who, or what, is **THE SPIRIT**?

**THE SPIRIT** is a new magazine brought to you by Will Eisner and the people at Warren Publishing.



**THE SPIRIT** is Denny Colt, private eye, killed by the underworld. He's the mysterious masked champion of justice. The little man's justice. He's a stick of human dynamite in a blue business suit, with gloves that cover fists as hard as his granite tomlstone in Wildwood Cemetery. He's the outlaw who secretly works with dour, pipe-puffing Police Commissioner Dolan.

**THE SPIRIT** is a comic strip like you've never seen. It's a progression of mind-boggling panels, drawn with stunning three-dimensional effects. Aerial views. Ankle views. Views through binoculars and camera lenses. Views right down the barrel of a gun. Pages and pages of panels so dynamic that your eye becomes part of each scene.

**THE SPIRIT** is a character, a comic strip, and a magazine of timeless proportions. It is totally different from anything on your newsstand today. Eight deeply moving stories grace the pages of each issue.

Stories of real people... not cartoon character imitations. Emotional stories. Stories of the little guy. Totally relevant to today's fast-paced, ever-changing world.

Eight pages of each mammoth issue will be in full color, rendered by the genius of comic art coloring, Richard Corben. Plus seven vintage stories in moody black and white by Will Eisner. All great stuff. All superb works of comic art. Fast paced, smart dialogue, fantastic freak shows of weird goons, crooks, fiends and victims. Brisk and breezy examples of what comic

hooks used to be and should be again. All carefully chosen from the golden age of **THE SPIRIT** years.



1946 to 1952. These are the 40's and 50's all over again. Who cares about the 40's and early 50's? We do. Fans do. And after seeing the first issue of Warren Publishing's **THE SPIRIT**, you'll care too. But listen,



CONTINUED ON  
INSIDE BACK COVER

# THE SPIRIT





**OUR COVER**  
New York City becomes the hunting ground of a hegen Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, and millions of eager girls become bloody stains on his suit! Kate Corbin and Bill Diller team up for the first time in this color tale, "Wass Oh, Father." Page 38

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# CREEPY®

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**JANUARY 1974**

**4 DEAR UNCLE CREEPY** "How come a magazine as good as yours has nudity in its stories?" asks reader *John Hopkins*. "I have to smuggle Creepy in just to read it!"

**6 DESTINY'S WITCH** She was just a poor servant girl. But she was studying to be a witch. And only one thing stood in the way of her ultimate goal. A bloodthirsting vampire!

**18 DARK AND VIOLENT PLACE** An insane killer stalks the darkened theatre. And while scenes of violence fill the screen, horrors far worse await the movie audience!

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**39 BLESS US FATHER** The alarm went out! "Stop the axe-murderer at all costs! He is armed and dangerous! His description is as follows: white beard, wearing a red suit..."

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**69 CREEPY'S CATACOMBS** Here's *W.R. Mohalley*, the kid who gets his name on the contents page of every Warren magazine. Just how does he do it? Better still, **WHY?**

**CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E. C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.





## "Sanjulan is the best cover artist since Frazetta!"

Just a few words about **CREEPY #56** "In my Father's House" surprised me in that I didn't figure (and probably no one else did) that the storyteller would end up **dying!** But there was last action in the story and that made it good "Innsmouth Festival" was fantastic, not only with art, but with its mind-boggling ending "Consumed by Ambition" was well told, a fine ending and some refreshingly realistic art.

I don't see why the werewolf in the full-color comic was called "Lycanulutz." He wasn't a clumsy werewolf, but I suppose to think up an ending like that one, you had to put some humor in the title.

On page 41, the art was superb and very realistic. How often do you see the muscles on a werewolf? Yet they are supposed to have superhuman strength you know.

Keep up the fine quality of the Warren Magazines.

**GREG HUDAK**  
Oaky City, Calif.

I am a French reader of your magazines, with a question for you! Could you send me the addresses of some **CREEPY** fans? I hope that some of them will write to me (I'm eighteen) for I will be going to the **USA** in about three years if I knew someone there, it would be most helpful.

I also hope that your posters will soon be available in France.

**JEAN BARBAUD**  
Cholet, France

**CREEPY #57** was great! "The Bloodlock Museum" was my favorite story and **Martin Salvador** is one of your better artists. He deserves to draw one story for your color.

Something though, how come a magazine that features horror and can be bought by young and old runs stories with nude scenes? Many kids, such as myself, who read and enjoy your magazines have to smuggle them into the house because our parents object to stories that include sex. A magazine as good as yours shouldn't need suggestive scenes in it. Think about it.

**JOHN HOPKINS**  
Buffalo Grove, Ill.

**CREEPY #56** was one of your best issues to date, starting with the sensational cover painting by **Sanjulan**. One of his best ever.

"In my Father's House" had good art by **Avalon**, and an absorbing story, until the rather incredible final page that destroyed my suspension of disbelief.

The mention of **Lovecraft** at the beginning of "Innsmouth Festival" led me to think you were adapting one of his tales. I will remember the superb job you did on **Poe** and **Stoker** classics in some of your early issues.

"Lycanulutz" is probably the best story you've ever published. **Richard Corben's** use of color has been the most unique in comics for many years, and I hope to see him in your magazines consistently from now on.

You followed "Lycanulutz" with another excellent story, this one in a more traditional vein. **Doug Moench** wrote an exciting tale with an ending that truly shocked.

It might have been more effective, however, if the final page had been deleted! It added nothing to the story, and in fact took away much of the impact of the church scene.

As it was, it was open to two interpretations. One is that **Alas** was successful in raising the dead! The other is that the vicar murdered everyone, and subsequently dug them up.

"**Belt of Kuang Sai**" also was spoiled by a weak ending, but despite the flaws, it was a great issue.

**GARY KIMBLER**  
Ontario, Canada

I am writing to congratulate you on fifty-six issues of high quality comic art. The Warren line has always featured the best artists in a format that left them plenty of room for innovation and experimentation.

Now with issue #56, comes the greatest achievement to date "Lycanulutz" by **Richard Corben**. (Yes it's even better than "Werewolf" by **Frank Frazetta** in **CREEPY #1**.)

Beyond being just the best artist in comics today, **Corben's** use of color goes far beyond what anyone else has ever done in the medium! And your new color section is the ideal place for it... fine paper, vivid color, and sharp reproduction. The tones and shading of the castle and the forest scenes were weird and beautiful.

"Lycanulutz" is a major step in graphic storytelling.

**HAL MARCH**  
Danby, Vt.

I am not one to complain, especially about a group of magazines that has given me so many hours of reading pleasure, but if I were to keep silent, I would not only be doing myself a disservice, but you people at Warren as well. A magazine can achieve excellence only as long as its readers respond to its good points and avoid ones.

The artwork! Definitely no complaints here. I can honestly say that the Warren magazines has the best line-up of artists extraordinary in the known comics world. **Esteban Maroto**, **Richard Corben**, and the others possess an uncanny talent for graphic storytelling, and there is such a diversity of style and technique, that I am never bored or displeased.

But I am concerned about the new direction your writers are taking. The stories in your magazines have taken on an almost satirical aspect. Writers such as **Steve Skeates**, **Don McGregor**, and **Doug Moench** are constantly sermonizing on the evils of our society. This is fine for a story every other issue or so, but when this type of preaching shows up again and again in every issue, I feel it is a cause for concern.

A perfect example of this new trend is **CREEPY #57**. "The Destructive Image" was about as subtle as the proverbial sledgehammer. It made me feel as if the writer merely wished to impress the readers with his philosophy, rather than tell an entertaining story.

**Doug Moench**, too, is an expert at inserting messages, and "Low Spark" was no exception. It's not hard to see what **Moench** thinks of "dirty, rotten, greedy capitalists." "**Red Barges of Terror**" is a statement on the futility of war, sown into the fabric of a vampire tale. If **CREEPY #57** was representative of Warren magazines as a whole, I find it disturbing.

**BRIAN SHUCK**  
Bowling Green, Ohio

In issue #56 of **CREEPY**, one of your fans wrote in referring to "a certain other comic book company" as invading your territory. First as a reader of this other publishing house as well, I know that they are a very worthy competitor. Secondly, the fact that you do have a competitor haunting you, should inspire you to bring your magazines to an even greater level than your already high standards! And this is a healthy thing for all!

**GANNY ROWE**  
Sedney, Canada



Reader **Arthur Grunof** feels that writer **Doug Moench** must be a genius to produce the stories he does. No argument here, Art!



## "Lycanklutz" is a step ahead!"

I must say, CREEPY #57 was great. I must say this because I have been a big fan of Doug Moench for a long time and was happy to see he wrote four out of the six stories in the issue.

"The Destructive Image" started out well, but lost me at the end. Good art by Ramon Torrents, though. The best story was "Hope of the Future." Moench must be a genius to keep producing stuff like this. He works well with Jaime Brocal. Put him to work permanently!

Keep Richard Corben by all means! His art is both weird and frightening.

One last point! The games on the inside covers. How do you expect me to have a neat collection of CREEPY's if I have to rip off the covers? They're fun though!

**ARTHUR GRISPO**  
Smithtown, N.Y.

That's easy, Arthur! Buy two copies of the magazine... or send away for extra copies of the game.

I've been a CREEPY fan ever since I purchased issue #1, with its promise of continuing the old EC tradition of illustrated horror and fantasy. I remained a fan through the lean years of the '60s and early '70s, when reprints and a lower quality of art almost turned me off. But then, as any of your ardent admirers know, faith in CREEPY's inherent qualities paid off. You have gotten better and better, not just carrying on the EC tradition of art and storytelling excellence, but consistently surpassing it!

I just write this note to thank you for the years of pleasure you've given me and for the exciting anticipation of the years to come.

**RICHARD CALGIE**  
Plainsboro, N.J.

The cover of #57 was a masterpiece! Sanjula is the best cover artist since Frank Frazetta. Sad to say, the inside was not up to Warren standards.

Of the six stories in #57, four of them carried some sort of message. What happened to the days when CREEPY and Eerie displayed pure terror?

This is what made "The Low Spark of High Heeled Noah" the best story in the issue, although the rhyming story line served no purpose. Come on, Unk, Goodie, Eerie is pulling ahead of you!

**RICHARD ARTHUR**  
Winnipeg, Canada

First of all, I think you should make an apology! There are fifty states in this union and one of them is called Wyoming. Despite the fact that our population is not large, it doesn't mean that we don't like to read horror stories. After all, we aren't just a bunch of cowboys wearing six-shooters and fighting Indians. Why don't I ever see a letter from Wyoming in your columns?

Anyway, now that you know we are here, I'd like to make a few comments about CREEPY #56. My favorite story is "Consumed by Ambition," and I thought "Innsmouth Festival" was the worst I might have liked it better if I hadn't read "Shadow Over Innsmouth" or any other works by H.P. Lovecraft first! But it seems you just can't touch the old masters.

**STEPHEN SHALNUS**  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

I think I can justifiably say that Richard Corben's "Lycanklutz" stands as his ultimate color achievement. Reading it was like viewing a superior animated cartoon, and his experience in the field of animation is quite evident. The color, dimension, and feel of "Lycanklutz" was unforgettable and the script itself, highly imaginative.

I was happy to pay a dollar for a story of this caliber. More Corben please!

**LEE ROBERTS**  
Lee Atmos, Cal.

Lee, as great as Rich's work on "Lycanklutz" was, you can be SURE that the BEST is YET TO COME. I

You've finally done it! You have finally put out an issue that was worth the price I paid for it. CREEPY #56 had everything! Have Sanjula do more covers like that one, and more color stories by Rich Corben!

**AL McDERMOTT**  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sita, balade yenne gini-mee tor, fakot ben kulubudu-hayranlon olarak tok nica ediyorum.

CREEPY's tancub ure bir turk gocuğu olarak uye olma-yi arala tiyorum.

Gereken bilginni odresme Turkiye olarak bittot gondeli-maine nica ediyorum.

Eger cevab vermesen- gercekias gok memnun olacagim Tesekkurler....

**YENIDOGAN HAYRI**  
Ankara, Turkey

Well put, Hayri! I couldn't have said it better myself!



Richard Corben's "Lycanklutz" has drawn nothing but praise from readers the world over. But you've already seen that in CREEPY #56. Here's a preview of a Corben story yet to come! "Terror Tomb." Written AND drawn by Richard Corben!

CREEPY #57 has to be one of your best issues to date. "The Bloodied Museum" was my favorite story, and writer Jack Butcherworth kept me in suspense from first panel to last. The art by Martin Salvador complemented it perfectly.

"Red Badge of Terror" was entertaining, with all its hideous twists and turns. Doug Moench and Jose Bea seemed to go all out on that one.

I applaud your decision to keep Richard Corben on permanently! And I hope you will allow him to write more stories as well as draw them! His scripts are as imaginative as his unique style of art. What sayest thou?

That's it for now, Unk!

**STEVEN SCHEIDNER**  
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

You'll be seeing plenty more of Rich's work in the months to come. Both art and scripting. Steven!

I am a collector of Richard Corben's work. So needless to say, I was happy as a toad with CREEPY #56. Corben is one of the true geniuses of comics, and "Lycanklutz" is a perfect example of why I say this. His faces, women's breasts, et al, look like flesh, not like grain!

Let him do more covers, like the ones he does for FANTAGOR. It seems he has cleaned up his act a bit for your pages.

By the way, the printing job on this issue was among the best I've ever seen. My compliments to your exceedingly professional, behind-the-scenes personnel! They should receive as much credit as your excellent writers and artists.

**JACK GUERREIRO**  
Ontario, Canada

Kent Witherby and company, take your much deserved BOW!

## Would You Write a Letter to This Man?

He'd love to get them! Why not take a chance on a 300 year-old creep? Write! Send letters to:

**DEAR UNCLE CREEPY**  
c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016





THIS NIGHT, AS SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE, LIZABETH'S SLEEP WAS RESTLESS... PITFUL / HER DREAMS BROUGHT MONSTERS INTO HER ROOM... VAMPIRES, WITCHES, GHOULS / BUT LIZABETH KNEW... THAT SHE WAS PROTECTED FROM HARM BY THE WOLFSSBANE ON HER PILLOW!

GOOD! THE WOLFSSBANE HAS BEEN REMOVED! NOW I CAN DO...

WOWWWW...

HOLD IT, WOMAN!

ARA! SO YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE WHO'S BEEN SUCKING THE BLOOD FROM MY DAUGHTER LIZBETH!

NO, MR. CROWWELL! YOU ARE MISTAKEN!

EVER SINCE HE BROUGHT YOU OVER FROM ENGLAND AS AN INDENTURED SERVANT, THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN THE TARGET FOR THE DEVIL'S WORK! I'VE LONG SUSPECTED YOU WERE A WITCH!

IT'S NOT THE WAY IT LOOKS, SIR. I'VE FOUND THAT THIS PLANT WILL DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD FOR LIZBETH, IT WILL ATTRACT THE EVIL RATHER THAN REPEL IT.

WH... WHAT? FATHER?

# DESTINY'S WITCH

IT'S GIRLS WHO PLAY WITH WOLFSSBANE WHO GET THEIR FINGERS BURNED... ESPECIALLY IN PURITAN MASSACHUSETTS.





I USED THIS PLANT ON THE  
RECOMMENDATION OF REV  
GOODPERSON HIMSELF, WHO  
ARE YOU TO GO AGAINST  
HIS WISDOM?

I LEARNED  
WHAT I KNOW  
FROM MOTHER  
HASTINGS... THE  
OLD WOMAN  
IN THE MOORS.

WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?  
HAS LISBETH  
HAD ANOTHER  
VISITATION?



ARA TRIED TO  
REMOVE THE WOLFSBANE  
PINNED OVER LISBETH'S BED...  
AND THUS ALLOW ANOTHER  
VISIT FROM THE WAMPIRE.

THAT'S  
NOT THE  
WAY IT  
IS...

DON'T RUN  
AWAY WENCH!  
WE'LL CATCH  
YOU... AND IT'LL BE  
THAT MUCH THE  
WORSE FOR  
YOU!

I'LL BE  
BACK...



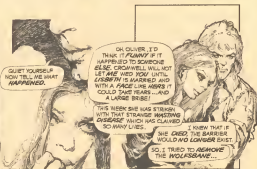
... AT A TIME OF  
MY OWN CHOOSING...  
TO GIVE YOU THE JUSTICE  
YOU SO RICHLY  
DESERVE...!

ARA!  
WAIT!



ARA, I KNOW OLD  
MAN CROMWELL WON'T  
LET US ASHLEY, BUT THAT'S  
NO REASON TO RUN  
FROM ME!

NOT FROM  
YOU, OLIVER... FROM  
HIM! I AM A SLAVE IN HIS  
HOUSEHOLD... LIKE THE  
BLACKS IN THE SOUTHERN  
COLONIES.



QUIET YOURSELF  
NOW TELL ME WHAT  
HAPPENED.

OH OLIVER, I'D  
THINK IT FUNNY IF IT  
HAPPENED TO SOMEONE  
ELSE. CROMWELL WILL NOT  
LET ME WED YOU UNTIL  
LISBETH IS MARRIED AND  
WITH A FACE LIKE MINE IT  
COULD TAKE YEARS...AND  
A LARGE BRIBE!

THIS WEEK SHE WAS STRICKEN  
WITH THAT STRANGE WASTING  
DISEASE WHICH HAS CLAIMED  
SO MANY LIVES.

I KNEW THAT IF  
SHE DIED, THE BARRIER  
WOULD NO LONGER EXIST.  
SO, I TRIED TO REMOVE  
THE WOLFSBANE...



...AND FAILED! A HEARTRENDING  
TALE... OF ATTEMPTED MURDER!  
YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL EQUAL  
YOUR CRIME!

OLIVER...

THANK YOU, SIR... FOR  
DETAINING HER FOR US!

GO WITH HIM  
FOR NOW, DEAR.  
I'LL BE NEAR.

THE NEXT DAY... THE SABBATH... THE  
DAY OF REST... WHEN ALL GOOD  
CHRISTIANS GO TO CHURCH, THE  
CROWWELLS ARE NO EXCEPTION.

YOU HAVE TOO MANY  
UNSEEMLY BRUISES,  
DEAR ARA. YOU COULDN'T  
POSSIBLY GO TO SERVICES  
LIKE THAT. PEOPLE  
MIGHT GET THE  
WRONG IDEA.

WHAT WOULD  
THEY THINK, SIR?  
THAT YOU PUNISH  
ME... BEAT  
ME?

ARE YOU  
STRONG  
ENOUGH,  
LISSBETH?

YES, MOTHER.  
I CAN COME WITH  
YOU.

WATCH YOUR  
MOUTH, YOUR  
LADY! YOU DON'T  
MOVE FROM THIS  
HOUSE UNTIL WE  
RETURN!

BUT NO SOONER HAVE THE CROWWELLS  
DISAPPEARED OUT THE FRONT DOOR  
THAN ARA FLIES OUT THE BACK DOOR  
AND INTO THE DEEP WOODS...

MOTHER  
MASTERS? ARE  
YOU HERE?

COME IN, ARA!  
I WASN'T EXPECTING  
YOU TODAY, MY CHILD. I  
THOUGHT THEY FORCED  
CHURCH ATTENDANCE  
ONTO YOU.

MY GOD! THOSE  
BRUISES! WHAT DID  
THAT MONSTER  
DO TO YOU?

PUNISHMENT!  
THAT'S WHY I'M NOT IN  
CHURCH, SINCE HE WOULDN'T  
BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT  
SATISFACTORILY. HE'S  
KEEPING ME OUT OF  
VIEW!





I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. HE SUSPECTS ME / I MUST MASTER THE TEACHINGS NOW... BEFORE HE TAKES ACTION AGAINST ME.

ARA TAKES HER LEAVE AND QUIETLY ENTERS THE TOWN, ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY...

...WITH ALL BLOOD SUCKED OUT.

INDIANS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

I CAN ASSURE YOU, CHIEF, THAT NO PERSON FROM THIS VILLAGE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE DEATH OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

A WHITE MAN HAS BEEN LEAVING OUR CAMP LAST NIGHT. GIRL FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING...

STUDY THIS BOOK CAREFULLY. IT WILL TAKE YOU THE NEXT STEPS ALONG THE ROAD OF MASTERY AND DON'T LET CROWWELL DISCOVER THIS! IT WOULD MEAN YOUR INSTANT DEATH IN THAT FANATIC RIDDEN COMMUNITY!

WE HAVE NEVER DISCOVERED THEM BEFORE! HE WILL NOT DO SO NOW!

I CAN ASSURE YOU...

...OF NOTHING! FIRST YOU STEAL OUR LANDS AND GAME, NOW YOU STEAL OUR LIVES! BEWARE! WE SHALL PROTECT OUR OWN!

FROM THAT MOMENT, A GRIM BLANKET OF FOREBODING SETTLES OVER THE SMALL TOWN. ALL THOUGHTS TURN TO DEFENSE. EVEN THE FANATICAL CROWWELL FORGETS HIS SERVANT GIRL.

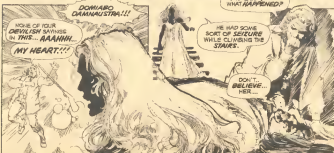
CONFIDENT OF HER SAFETY DURING THE TIME OF CRISIS, ARA PROBS DEEPLY INTO THE BOOK GIVEN HER BY HER TEACHER.

BUT OVERCONFIDENCE CAN BE DANGEROUS. FANATICAL PURITANS ARE NOT LONG DISTRACTED BY INDIAN THREATS...

I HAVE LEARNED WHAT I NEEDED. IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE I COMPLETE MY REVENGE!!

APPARENTLY THE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN IN TOWN HAVE DRIVEN THE MONSTER TO THE SAVAGES' VILLAGE.









ARA IS... A WITCH!  
THIS IS HER... BOOK...  
OF SPELLS. SHE...  
HEXED ME... HEXED ME...

A WITCH...  
UNDER OUR  
ROOF?



SAVE ME  
THAT BOOK...

TAKE HEED,  
WOMAN. ONE WHO  
TRIED TO TAKE THIS  
FROM ME LIES DEAD  
AT YOUR FEET.

ARA RUSHES PAST THE STRUCK WOMAN AND  
OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

I MUST  
GET OUT OF  
THIS TOWN  
BEFORE SHE  
CAN RAISE AN  
ALARM.



ARA! STOP!  
YOU CAN'T LEAVE  
TOWN! AN ATTACK  
MAY BE LAUNCHED  
ANY MOMENT.  
THERE HAVE BEEN  
MANY INCIDENTS  
IN THE LAST FEW  
DAYS.

LET ME  
PASS, OLIVER.  
THERE IS  
SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT  
I MUST  
ATTEND  
TO.

IN THE  
FOREST... AT THIS  
TIME OF NIGHT? YOU'D BE KILLED  
BEFORE YOU  
REACHED...



...THE  
HUH? ARA!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

ARA RUNS THROUGH THE  
DARK WOODS AND  
BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF  
AS THE FAMILIAR SMOCK  
COMES INTO VIEW... UNTIL...

WHAT IS HAPPENING  
HERE? THE INDIANS?  
MOTHER HASTINGS?  
WHERE ARE YOU,  
MOTHER...



IN HERE,  
ARA...  
HURRY!





YOU'RE HURT!  
LET ME TREAT THE  
WOUND.

NO, TOO LATE  
FOR THAT. ARA! MY  
MISSION IS  
FINISHED HERE.

QUICKLY... BEFORE  
MY TIME IS UP. SEARCH  
IN THE CORNER FOR  
A BOOK. IT CONTAINS  
THE ULTIMATE  
SECRET.



THIS  
ONE?

YES, MY CHILD. I  
PLANNED TO WAIT UNTIL  
YOU WERE BETTER  
PREPARED, BUT FATE HAS  
TAKEN THAT DECISION OUT  
OF MY HANDS.

THE BOOK CONTAINS THE  
ULTIMATE SECRET... THE  
DEWEY HIMSELF WILL BE  
FUSED INTO YOU. TAKE IT  
AND GO... QUICKLY!!!



WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

GET OUT...! THE  
MASTER IS NEAR. IT  
IS NOT MEANT THAT THESE  
SHOULD BE HERE WHEN  
HE COMES FOR ME!



HE'S COME...  
AND TAKEN HER!  
BUT I MUST GET BACK  
TO TOWN AT ONCE!

BUT THE TRIP OUT OF THE  
WOODS IS NOT AS UNEVENTFUL  
AS THE TRIP IN WAS...



SOMEONE  
FOLLOWING ME!  
INDIANS?





TURNING TO RUN IN ANOTHER DIRECTION, ASA IS *FROZEN* BY THE SIGHT OF A HUGE WOLF...

FIRST INDIANS! NOW THIS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!



TERMOND GRIPS THE GIRL AS SHE STUMBLES TO HER KNEES. THE WOLF LEAPS...

...INTO THE INDIAN WRESTLING PARTY!



DEAR GOD!



OLIVER!

QUICKLY...! WHILE THE INDIANS ARE OCCUPIED... COME WITH ME

MINUTES LATER THEY EMERGE FROM THE TREES.

THE ATTACK HAS *BEGUN*! YOU'LL BE *SURE* WITH THE OTHER WOMEN IN THE CHURCH. I MUST REJOIN THE FIGHTING.

BUT THE CHURCH IS NOT ASA'S DESTINATION.

SO THE INDIANS HAVE MADE IT THIS FAR IN THEIR FIRST CHARGE. I WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!





ACTION QUICKLY, ARA DRAWS THE SATANIC PENTAGRAM ON THE ROUGH WOOD FLOOR...

SOON I WILL NOT HAVE TO FEAR ANYONE. WITHIN MINUTES IT IS THEY WHO WILL HAVE TO FEAR ME.

BUT THE SMELL OF VICTORY TURNS TO DUST AS ARA TURNS A PAGE IN THE ANCIENT BOOK.

HUMAN BLOOD! I NEED BLOOD? WHERE IN HELL AM I GOING TO GET BLOOD? I CAN'T GO OUTSIDE WITHOUT EXPOSING MYSELF TO THE FIGHTING!

WHO'S THERE?  
IS THAT YOU, ARA?  
WHERE'S MOTHER?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, LISBETH. IT'S ME... ARA.

WHERE'S MOTHER? WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE?

YOUR MOTHER HAS GONE AWAY, BUT I'M SURE THAT YOU CAN...

ARA!!!  
THAT KNIFE...?

... JOIN HER!!

GGGWYWWWW



WITHIN SECONDS, AN ENCHANTED CURVED GLASS CATCHES ENOUGH OF LISBETH'S BLOOD TO ALLOW AKA TO COMPLETE HER CEREMONY...

I FEEL...  
DIFFERENT... **POWERFUL**...  
... **UNEARTHLY!**

YES, IT'S THERE... **REALLY**  
**THERE**... LIKE MOLTEN IRON  
KNIFING THROUGH MY VEINS.  
I'VE **MADE IT**... I'VE  
FINALLY BECOME A—

...**VAMPIRE!!!**

WE'VE  
DEFEATED THE  
INDOMANS, AND  
TONIGHT WE ALSO  
ELIMINATE ANOTHER  
SOURCE.

QUICKLY,  
OLIVER, STRIKE  
BEFORE SHE CAN  
WORK ANY OF HER  
DEVILISH  
ENCHANTMENTS  
ON US!

OLIVER!!  
YOU CAN'T MEAN  
THIS!! YOU KNOW  
ME!!

I SAW YOU  
STRIKE DOWN  
LISBETH WITHOUT MERCY!  
WE ALL SAW YOU  
DRINKING HER  
BLOOD!

IN THE FACE OF  
SUCH EVIDENCE,  
WE WOULD BE FOOLS IF  
WE DID NOT...

NOW!  
STRIKE  
NOW!

THROUGH  
HER PUTRID  
HEART!

...**ACT!!!**

IT'S UNFORTUNATE FOR AKA THAT  
THE STAKE USED TO KILL A  
VAMPIRE WORKS EQUALLY  
WELL AGAINST A WYTON, OR, FOR  
THAT MATTER, AGAINST ANYONE.



## EPILOGUE

THIS IMPRESSIVE AND SWASTER MONUMENT STANDS UPON THE GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE ARA... DESTROYED ALMOST THREE CENTURIES AGO BY A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HER HEART.

BUT WHY A MONUMENT FOR SUCH A HORRIBLE CREATURE?

IT WAS PUT UP BY THE COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY TO COMMEMORATE ONE OF THE FEW DOCUMENTED CASES OF VAMPIRISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BUT INTO THE BUS QUICKLY. IT'S GETTING DARK AND WE'RE ALREADY BEHIND SCHEDULE.

IT APPEARS THAT ARA HAS BECOME QUITE A LITTLE INDUSTRY AROUND HERE, TOO BAD SHE GINT AROUND TO ENJOY IT.

OH, BUT I AM ENJOYING IT... OLIVER, DEAR!

YOU!!!

THIS IS SOME TRICK! I POUNDED THE STAKE THROUGH ARA MYSELF! SHE COULDN'T COME BACK! SHE WAS AN ORDINARY HUMAN!

AN ORDINARY HUMAN WYTON, MY LOVE! AND WHEN THE WOODEN STAKE ROTTED AWAY AFTER 300 YEARS IN THE GROUND, I WOKE FROM THE DEAD... THIRSTING FOR REVENGE!

IN THE FLESH! HOW GOETH THE VAMPIRE PROFESSION THESE DAYS? UNFORTUNATELY I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH AND UNABLE TO KEEP TRACK OF YOU!





WITCH OR NOT, YOU CAN'T STOP ME! THE SUN IS THE ONLY WEAPON WHICH CAN DESTROY ME, AND BY THE TIME IT RISES, YOU'LL BE QUITE STILL!



THEN IF THE SUN WON'T COME TO ME... I MUST GO TO IT!

MOTHER HASTINGS TAUGHT ME THAT WHENEVER YOU COME TO AN OBSTACLE YOU MUST...



RISE ABOVE IT!! LET'S GO CATCH THE SUN, OLIVER!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!! YOU'RE NOT A WITCH, ARA! STOP THIS, ARA... PLEASE!!

I HAD A SACRIFICIAL MISSION ON THIS PLANET, AND YOU DELAYED IT FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS! THE DEVIL DEMANDS HIS REVENGE...



...NOW!!

RAAAAAAHHH!!

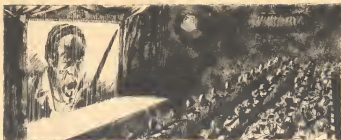
AND NOW FOR THE EARTH BELOW! THE SUFFERINGS, TORMENT, INJUSTICE...! SO MUCH OPPORTUNITY, I HARDLY KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.





# A DARK AND VIOLENT PLACE





*The End*





THE THEATER MANAGER TOLD US THAT YOU ARE MS. JEANETTE CLOUD. YOU WERE THE ONE WHO DISCOVERED THE DECEASED.

I'M INSPECTOR BRANNON AND THIS IS DETECTIVE HARRY PHILLIPS. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US THAT MIGHT AID US IN LEARNING WHAT TRANSPIRED HERE?

NO... NOTHING! I JUST FOUND HIM THERE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT UP DO I HAVE TO STAY, INSPECTOR?

I THINK NOT, IF YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ANYTHING... PLEASE CONTACT US.

AND I'LL HANDLE IT PERSONALLY.

HARRY, YOU GREN UP ON TOO MANY GRADE B MYSTERY MOVES.

AND SAW A LOT OF 'EM RIGHT HERE... AS A KID, THIS JOINT USED TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS... STILL DOES, WHEN IT'S EMPTY LIKE THIS...

YES, IT DOES BOW THE SOUNDS OF FOOTFALLS AND VOICES, DOESN'T IT?

AMH, THE SPOOKY THING ABOUT IT IS... THERE WERE PEOPLE HERE JUST AN HOUR BACK! THE WHOLE PLACES PERSONALITY CHANGES WHEN ITS EMPTY... FOREBODING... HAUNTING!

COURSE, I GUESS IT APPEARS SOMETHING WAS WAITING FOR OUR UNIDENTIFIED STUFF WHILE THE PEOPLE WERE HERE. I KNOW YOU NOTICED THE ANGLE OF THE BLADE AND SUCH, RIGHT, INSPECTOR BRANNON?

OF COURSE.

LET'S GIVE THIS PLACE A THOROUGH SEARCH UP IN THE BALCONY, HARRY. THE CULPRIT MIGHT STILL BE ABOUT.

HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS FLICK YET... IT'S CALLED "WASTED'S LITTLE NUMBER"

"WASTED'S LITTLE... WHAAT?"

YOU'RE NOT INTO BLACK CINEMA, ARE YOU? YOU DON'T PUT YOUR ARSEY DOWN ON THAT SORTA STUFF, RIGHT?

WRONG, BLACK SHERLOCK! I'VE SEEN MY SHARE. THOUGH WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH OUR SEARCH ESCAPES ME.





NOTHING TO DO WITH WORK... WHAT WE'RE DOING IS WHAT YOU'D CALL CHATTING. "SIDES, I THINK YOU'RE **DUCKING** THE ISSUE... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BLACK FILMS?"

WELL, THEY'RE PROVING THEY CAN DO WHAT TOO MUCH OF CINEMA HAS DONE IN THE PAST... **EXPLOIT** THEIR AUDIENCES, AND I KNOW THAT ISN'T WHAT YOU WANTED TO HEAR, DETECTIVE PHILLIPS.

MORE OF THEM WILL HAVE TO START **EXPLORING** THE HUMAN CONDITION.

**WAITAMINUT!** LET'S GO BACK TO THIS **EXCITATION** JAZZ YOU WANTA KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS?"



NOT REALLY...! BUT I DO KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME... RIGHT?

RIGHT! YOU'D **DND** SOME JAMES BOND FLOR. WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE IS SEEING **BLACKS** COME OUT ON TOP FOR ONCE... ADMIT IT?"

**WRONG** AGAIN IF YOU **MUST** BRING UP SUCH THINGS AS BOND FILMS, YOU MUST **REALIZE** THEY ARE NOTHING MORE THAN **ENTERTAINING** ACTION FILMS, NOT **RACIAL** POLITICAL THINGS.

WHAT I DON'T LIKE IS SEEING **RACISM** COME OUT ON TOP... AGAIN!



WELL, IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR YEARS, BARRY.

OH, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT... BEHIND THE SCENES.

BUT CINEMA HAS DEALT WITH **RACISM** FOR THE PAST 2 OR 3 DECADES **NOT** WITH AN **APPROVING** EYE... BUT WITH **CONDEMNATION**.

AND THE NAME'S **NOT** BARRY, DETECTIVE PHILLIPS.

YES, SIR... **SORRY** THAT'S A NICE **ALIBI**, YOU GOT THERE.

WELL, IF YOU THINK SO... **WHATEVER** IT IS YOU SAID,

JUST REMEMBER... **RACISM** IS **RACISM**, BARRY. IF YOU BELIEVE ONE TYPE WAS **WRONG**... THEY'RE **ALL** **WRONG**.













MR. PHILLIPS,  
ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?



WHAT ARE YOU  
STILL DOING HERE?  
I THOUGHT YOU'D  
GONE.



I THOUGHT YOU'D  
GONE!  
I WAS IN THE  
LADIES ROOM.  
I... I DIDN'T  
FEEL VERY WELL  
AFTER THAT  
BUSINESS...  
EARLIER.



YEAH, I CAN UNDERSTAND  
THAT, MAMA, I'VE FELT...  
INSPECTOR BRANNON!!  
DID YOU SEE INSPECTOR  
BRANNON WHEN YOU  
CAME UP  
HERE?

NO, I CAME UP THE  
BACK STAIRS.  
WHERE IS HE? WHO  
MADE THAT  
TERRIBLE  
SCREAM?



HE WAS OVER IN  
THIS THEATER BOX  
WHEN SOME...



OH, LORD.  
NO... PLEASE.  
NO!!





WISHED I HADN'T SEEN THAT. NOW, I'M NOT EVER GONNA BE ABLE TO FORGET THAT I DID!

I CAN'T FORGET EITHER, DETECTIVE PHILLIPS.

WHEN I WAS A KID, MOVIE HOUSES LIKE THESE WERE DARK AND QUIET PLACES AN ESCAPE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



YOU MIND CALLING ME HARRY? I HAVE TROUBLE GETTING USED TO PEOPLE REFERRING TO ME IN THAT OFFICIAL WAY.

THAT ONLY ONE WHO COULD SAY IT AND MAKE IT SOUND NATURAL WAS... BRANNON.

FINE, HARRY.

I HEAR THAT'S PROHIBITED UPON NOW. IMAGINATION IS OUT, NO ROOM FOR IT ANYMORE.



ANYHOW, THEY'RE STILL DARK, BUT THE QUIET IS GONE. PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ACTION FLICK AND VIOLENCE. AND INSTEAD OF QUIET, WE HAVE SHOUTING!

I THINK I'M GETTIN' OLD BEFORE MY TIME, MAMA.

IT SOUNDS STRANGE TO HEAR YOU CALL ME THAT, YOU BEING A COP AND ALL. THEY DON'T NORMALLY SOUND THAT WY.



WELL, MAYBE IF I HADN'T SPENT SO MUCH TIME BEING HIS, BRANNON WOULD BE ALIVE.

I DON'T THINK THAT'S TRUE. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY IDEA WHO THIS PERSON IS! OR WHY HE'S DOING THESE THINGS!



MAYBE HE THINKS HE'S SOME MODERN DAY ANATOMY OF THE OCEAN... MAYBE HE'S SOME TYPE OF MISFIT OUT ON A VENGEANCE KICK... OR MAYBE...

WHAT'S WRONG?

JUST A WILD THOUGHT, SWEET SISTER. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE THIS FLICK IN THIRTEEN NIGHT FROM THE INSIDE?

I'VE ALREADY SEEN THIS THING FOURTEEN TIMES!



SURE, BUT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT WITH PATROLMAN DANIEL FENNESSY, NOW HAVE YOU?





HEY, **FENNELLY**! WANNA  
MAKE IT OVER HERE FOR  
A MINUTE?

HARRY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN MIND?



I WAS THINKING  
'BOUT A LITTLE TALK  
BRANNON AND I WAS  
HAVING .. AND THEN I  
**THOUGHT**..  
MAYBE THAT'S IT!

... SO IT JUST STARTED  
**COMING TOGETHER**...  
AND LIKE I SAID, I'VE DUG  
**ENOUGH** OF THESE FLUCKS..  
MAYBE WHAT WE NEED IS THE  
**RIGHT** KIND OF BAIT..  
THE KINGA BAIT HE  
CAN'T RESIST!



BUT I THOUGHT  
YOU **DIDN'T** HAVE  
ANY IDEA WHY  
HE...

DON'T FRET, MAMA  
YOU TWO'LL MAKE  
THE **PERFECT**  
COUPLE AT TOMORROW  
NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE..

AND ME... I'LL  
JUST BE DOING  
MY CHARLIE  
CHAN  
IMPRESSION.



HAN, I'D BETTER HAVE  
READ THIS THING **RIGHT**.  
I THINK THE ONLY REASON  
THE **CHIEF** DIDN'T COOL  
THIS WHOLE IDEA IS  
BECAUSE HE WANTS  
BRANNON'S **KILLER**  
SO BAD

IF I'VE **BLOWN** IT,  
IT'LL BE A **LONG**  
TIME BEFORE HE  
FORGETS.



IT REALLY DEPENDS ON  
IF HE'S **STILL** AROUND  
THIS PLACE... BUT HE  
SEEMS TO KNOW HIS  
WAY AROUND HERE PRETTY  
WELL .. HE'S ONLY GOT TO  
**TRY** FOR FENNELLY AND  
JEANETTE! SO WE'VE  
GOT HIM WHERE WE  
WANT HIM!!

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK ABOUT  
HARRY'S **IDEA**,  
MR. FENNELLY?  
YOU THINK  
HE'S RIGHT?

WHO CARES,  
MISS CLOUD..

..THE **DEPARTMENTS**  
PAYING THE TAB FOR  
THIS... AND I'LL CLUE  
YOU... IT'S ONE OF MY  
**BETTER** UNDERCOVER  
ASSIGNMENTS.  
**BELIEVE IT!**



**CHRISTMAS!** THAT DUDE JUST **POLISHED** THAT OTHER CAT'S FACE WITH **ACID!** MAISE BRANNON HAD A POINT HERE AND THERE!

HERE!  
TASTE THIS  
YOU...!!

DEPENDS ON WHAT ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE CHEERING ABOUT! I GUESS IF IT'S THE OLD GOOD OVER EVIL SCKTICK AND ONLY THAT ... WELL, IT AIN'T TOO BAD.

THING IS... MONT'VE THESE BARBERS HAVE NEVER SEEN JUST WHAT ACID REALLY DOES TO HUMAN FLESH...

IT'S A TOUGH THING TO CHEER ABOUT FOR ANY REASON!

BRANNON, EVEN DEAD YOUR DOING IT TO ME! GOT ME ON THIS HUMAN DIGNITY KICK! YOU WERE ALWAYS...

GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN!! IT'S HIM! HE IS STILL HERE!!

THE COPS BEHIND THE SCREEN HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN HIM YET! MAN, THIS CAT IS QUIET!!

WHAT IN HELL IS THAT IN HIS HAIR! **ACID!** IT'S GOTTA BE **ACID!!**

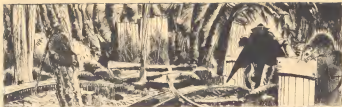
HEY MISS CLOUD, YOU WANT TO CHOKE ON SOME MORE OF THIS BUTTERED POPCORN? I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL BUTTER... BUT THIS STUFF!!

HERE...  
TASTE THIS,  
YOU...!!









I'M SORRY  
I HAD TO  
HURT YOU...  
JEANETTE!

I HAD TO GET YOU  
AWAY FROM...  
**FROM THEM!!**  
DIDN'T WANT TO  
BELIEVE IT WHEN I  
SAW YOU THERE...  
SAW YOU WITH  
ONE OF THEM!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT? YOU'RE SORRY  
YOU HAD TO HURT ME!  
WHAT ABOUT THAT POOR  
WAN BACK  
IN THE THEATER!??

WHAT  
ABOUT  
HIM?

HE WAS ONE  
OF THEM! HOW  
CAN I MAKE YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
SOMETHIN' YOU  
SHOULD JUST  
KNOW, RIGHT  
COP?

UNDERSTAND? MAKE ME UNDER-  
STAND WHAT?  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING  
ABOUT!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WHEN  
I FIRST FOUND THIS  
SECTION OF ABANDONED  
SUBWAY LINE... ONLY  
DISCOVERED THAT  
BOARDED-UP ENTRANCE  
INTO THE THEATER BY  
... BY ACCIDENT!

JUST  
WANDERIN'  
AROUND,  
YOU KNOW,  
NOT MUCH  
TO DO DOWN  
HERE.

THE DAYS GET  
LONG... BUT IT'S  
**BETTER**  
SPENDING TIME  
ON THE STREETS  
... I CAN'T  
WEAR THE  
MASK UP  
THERE



YOU MEAN,  
YOU'VE BEEN  
**INSIDE** THE  
THEATER ALL  
THIS TIME?

I SPEND A LOTTA  
TIME THERE, UP IN  
THE OLD THEATER  
BOXES. I WAS  
THERE WHEN I  
HEARD THE MANAGER TALKIN'  
TO YOU, THAT'S  
WHEN I  
LEARNED YOUR  
NAME, BUT I  
COULD  
NEVER SPEAK  
TO YOU!

WHY  
NOT?

YOU'RE OF  
WHAT THEY  
DONE, I TOLD  
YOU!!

LEAST IN THE  
**DARKNESS...**  
I COULD  
FORGET  
ABOUT IT FOR  
WHILE...

AND THEN THIS  
FLICK COMES  
ALONG... AND IT  
GAVE ME THE  
IDEA... LET ME  
SEE HOW IT HAD  
TO BE!

YOU REMEMBER  
THAT WAN YOU HIT  
BACK THERE? HE  
TALKED TO ME  
ABOUT THAT SAME  
DARKNESS... BUT  
IT STRENGTHENED  
HIM...



THOSE FILMS  
DIDN'T CORRUPT  
HIM...

**BUT HE  
DIDN'T HAVE  
MY FACE!!**











"IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE, 1870/  
WE ARE HAVING THE COLDEST  
WINTER IN YEARS IN NORTHERN  
ENGLAND. / DR. JAMES PARKER  
AND I WASTE NO TIME IN  
MAKING OUR WAY TO DARK  
THE HOME OF MY MASTER,  
SIR EDGAR HOLLOWAY!"



"MY NAME IS HENNINGSS AND I HAVE BEEN A SERVANT OF THE  
HOLLOWAY FAMILY ALL MY LIFE. / SINCE MEETING HIS STAGE, I  
HAVE TOLD DR. PARKER LITTLE OF MY MASTER'S JACKENESS. HE  
WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!"



"I HAVE  
TOLD  
HIM EVEN  
LESS  
OF THE  
LIFE  
WE  
LEAD  
ON  
THIS  
ESTATE!"



"HE WILL FIND THAT OUT SOON  
ENOUGH, TOO!"



GOOD THINGS  
ALWAYS COME IN  
TREES THEY SAY  
SO HERE'S THE  
FIRST OF A  
TRILOGY OF  
CHRISTMAS TALES  
THAT'LL LEAVE YOU  
SPELLBOUND."

# SPARE THAT TREE!







"MY SICKNESS OF BREATH  
FROM THE HEADLINGS SIDE THE  
WITTED COLD, ALL WAS  
FORGOTTEN AS MY MIND STUO SICK  
TO MY BROTHER'S BAIT..."



"I RECALLED HOW YEARS AGO, ONE  
SUMMER NIGHT MY BROTHER HAD BEEN  
STRUCK OVER THE HEAD AND  
BURNED ALIVE! AND NOW HE  
DUG HIS WAY OUT..."



"I REMEMBERED HOW THE  
BIVENTURE, STRONGEST YOUNG  
MAN ON THE ESTATE, BECAME AN  
ADDED PITFUL FOOL!"



"THAT WAS WHEN THE HOLLOWAYS  
DROPPED THE RULE ABOUT CUTTING  
TREES. I THOUGHT THE TWO  
INCIDENTS CONNECTED TO RESPECT  
PEOPLE LIKE MY BROTHER! THE  
FAMILY SHELTERED MY BROTHER FOR  
YEARS! OF COURSE, SIR EDGAR  
WHO WAS JUST A CHILD WHEN MY  
BROTHER DIED HIS MIND MADE  
HIM THE BUTT OF MANY PRANKS!"



"BUT SO, I COULD NOT BELIEVE WHAT I  
HEARD SIR EDGAR SAY NOW..."

"...EVEN WHEN I HEARD  
THE SHOT!"





"I DON'T KNOW  
IF SIR EDGAR  
EVER REALIZED  
THAT MAN WAS  
MY BROTHER  
OR NOT. I ONLY  
KNOW WHAT HE  
ORDERED  
ME TO DO AS  
HE SCALDED  
JAMES."

AGAIN THE  
POOR'S BODY FROM  
A TREE AS A  
WARNING TO  
OTHERS?

IF WHAT YOU  
SAY IS TRUE,  
JENNINGS, I AM  
SURE THAT YOU  
REMAIN IN YOUR  
MASTER'S SERVICE!

AFTER  
MASTER EDGAR DROVE  
HOMER, I RESOLVED TO  
REMAIN HERE  
THROUGH THE  
HOLIDAYS!

I THOUGHT YOUR  
BROTHER WAS SHOT  
TWO WEEKS AGO FOR  
CUTTING FIREWOOD,  
JENNINGS!

SIR EDGAR BUYS  
FIREWOOD FROM OTHER  
ESTATES, SIR. I MUST TAKE LEAVE  
IN A FEW MOMENTS, SIR. I HAVE  
TO ARRANGE ENTERTAINMENT FOR  
THE BRANKS' CHRISTMAS PARTY!  
IT'S THE MASTER'S ORDER!

SIR EDGAR AND I  
WENT TO SCHOOL  
TOGETHER, JENNINGS. THIS  
SICKNESS HE WROTE ME ABOUT  
MUST HAVE ALTERED HIM  
TEMPORARILY, BUT IF ANYONE  
CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF  
IT, I CAN!

VERY WELL,  
DOCTOR. I KNOW  
THE WHOLE STORY.  
YOU'LL FIND IT OUT  
SOON ENOUGH.

I SAW THAT BODY  
HANGING IN YOUR NETWORK,  
SIR EDGAR, AND I KNOW YOUR  
POSITION WILL PROTECT YOU  
FROM PROSECUTION, BUT WHAT I  
WANT TO KNOW IS WHY WAS  
THAT MAN KILLED AT ALL?

AND I'VE BEEN  
SICK EVER SINCE THAT DAY  
AND I'M DESPERATE TO TALK  
WITH SOMEONE! ALL I ASK  
IS THAT YOU LISTEN! I'LL  
TRY TO TELL YOU  
EVERYTHING!



"YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I BECAME HORRIBLY ILL! FRIGHTENED FOR MY LIFE, MY ANKLETS CONVINCED A YOUNG VILLAGER WOULD HEED IN DRUG LEGENDS!"

YOU CALL THAT DRUG RUBBISH A CURE?

DON'T BE A FOOL, I'M NOT A TREE-WORSHIPPER EITHER, BUT OUR SON'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!

"THE VILLAGER LED THEM TO A **SACRED** SOMEBODY ON THIS ISLAND, THE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH HE SAID HIS **TREE-LOVING GODS** WOULD CURE ME!"

NOW THAT YOU HAVE **SPLIT** THE TREE, TAKE YOUR SON AND **ASS AIN** **THROUGH** THE SPLIT THREE TIMES, WHILE I **KNOW** THE **GODS' BLESSING**!

"THEY RAN ME THROUGH THE DARK, ROLLY TREE WOUND. I REMEMBER A SOFT **WARMTH**, LIKE MOSS TOUCHING MY BODY."

"THEN THE **CURE** WAS COMPLETED AND I **STOOD** ON THE GROUND, AMAZED, WHILE THE VILLAGER SQUAD UP THE TREE."

FATHER, WHAT HAPPENED? I THINK I CAN WALK BACK TO THE HOUSE!

MOTHER WILL GO WITH YOU SON! I MUST REPLY THE MAN WHO CURED YOU

"YET MY FAMILY HAD **ENEMIES**! WHEN MY MOTHER AND I WERE GONE, MY FATHER LEFT NO TIME MAKING SURE THE VILLAGER WOULD **NEVER** HELP THEM!"

"YOU SEE, THE **CURE** MADE THAT TREE LIKE MY BROTHER, IF THE TREE IS **DESTROYED**, I DIE WITH IT!"





MY FATHER  
**BURIED** THE MAN  
BY THE TREE HE  
HAD USED TO CURE  
ME! IT WAS A POOR  
WAY TO EXPRESS  
**GRATITUDE!**

BUT THERE WAS  
A PROBLEM. MY PARENTS  
DIED BEFORE THEY COULD  
TELL ME WHICH TREE IT  
WAS! AND NOW I  
THINK IT'S TOO  
LATE!



"HAVING THAT MAN SHOT **SACKNAMED** ME DEEPLY.  
WHEN I WENT TO CHURCH THAT MORNING, THE  
MINISTERS TRIED TO DRIVE ME OUT!"

THIS IS THE  
CHRISTMAS SEASON, A TIME  
OF BIRTH, HEALING AND  
LOVE! AND IT HAS BEEN  
DEFILED BY MURDER!

LET THOSE  
WHO DEFILED THIS TIME  
**BEWARE** THE SYMBOLS  
OF CHRISTMAS AS THEY  
WOULD BEWARE  
SYMPTOMS OF THEIR  
APPROACHING DEATH!



I ROSE TO **ANSWER**  
HIM, BUT **FOUNDED**  
INSTEAD, MY SERVANTS  
BROUGHT ME HOME. BUT,  
DON'T YOU SEE, AMOS?  
THE **TREE... THE TREE!**  
**AAAAH!!**



**OOOW! SOOO**  
**JORD IT BURNED**  
MY HAND ON HIS  
FOREHEAD!



IT CAN'T BE!  
HIS SON'S **BURNED**  
TO A CRISP! BUT HOW  
IN GOD'S NAME CAN THIS  
**HAPPEN?!**





BURNED TO A CRISP, BUT I EXPECTED THAT! YOU SEE, DOCTOR, I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE TREE! THE TREE USED TO CURE SIR EDGAR AS A BOY, WAS THE ONE MY BROTHER CUT DOWN!



THEN YOU PLANNED THIS FOR REVENGE!

EXACTLY! I WAS SURE OF MY PLANS WHEN SIR EDGAR FELL. AFTER I BURNED THE ROOMS AND BRANCHES OF THE TREE!



WE MUST SAVE YOUR MASTER, JENKINGS! WE MUST!

NO, DOCTOR, WE CAN'T LET YOU INTERRUPT OUR CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION! THE MASTER ORDERED US TO HAVE A PARTY, AND WE SHALL, COMPLETE WITH A YULE LOG!



THE YULE LOG IS A CHRISTMAS TRADITION, DOCTOR... A SPECIALLY DECORATED TREE TRUNK, AND ALL THE SERVANTS HELPED ME PREPARE THIS ONE!

SIR EDGAR WILL DIE SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY... AS THE YULE LOG BURNS AND KEEPS BURNING FOR THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS!

THAT'S TWELVE DAYS OF HELL, DOCTOR... TWELVE DAYS OF HELL!!

WELL THIS STORY'S OVERDONE... EVEN IF SIR EDGAR IS STILL A BIT ON THE RARE SIDE! POOR GUY HAD A HARD TIME KEEPING HIS COOL!







# Bless Us, Father...





POOR RANDOLPH! HE'S TRIED SO HARD  
TO MAKE FRIENDS!

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A  
MAMA'S-BOY DOROTHY!

THE KIDS IN SCHOOL ALWAYS LAUGHED AT  
HIM FOR THE WAY I USED TO DRESS HIM...  
FOR THE WAY I LOOKED AFTER HIM...

SURE! THEY USED  
TO CALL HIM...

THOSE RUFFIANS! ALWAYS TREATED POOR  
RANDOLPH SO MEAN!

HE HATED YOU  
FOR THAT DOROTHY!  
BLAMED YOU FOR NOT  
LETTING HIM HAVE  
ANY FRIENDS!

MOMMY HOWCUM DADDY DOESN'T LIVE  
WITH US ANYMORE?

WHEN YOU GET TO  
BE A BIG GIRL  
MOMMY'LL EXPLAIN  
IT ALL TO YOU BABY!

GOT AN  
OTHER CHRISTMAS-  
KILLER FOR YOU  
WILLY!

A REAL  
ZINGBO! ESCAPED FROM  
THE NUT HOUSE  
LAST NIGHT!

I MISS HIM, MOMMY! WHY DID HE LEAVE?

DADDY HAD TO  
FORGET, HONEY!

CHOPPED  
UP A WOMAN  
OVER ON THE  
WEST SIDE, NOT  
FAR FROM  
HERE!

HOWCUM DADDY CAN'T COME TO SEE  
ME...IT'S CHRISTMAS...

DADDY LIVES FAR  
AWAY NOW, IN A BIG  
CITY CALLED NEW YORK!

ONE OF  
THE BOYS GOT A  
LOOK AT HIM!  
DRESSED UP LIKE A  
SIDEWALK-SANTA  
AS USUAL...

EVEN HAD  
THE USUAL MEAT  
AKE FOR HIS  
MOMMY!





LIAR! HE ALWAYS **LOVED** ME! THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN SO CLOSE!

HED MYLL, HED IF HE HAD THE **GUTS!**



IT'S **YOU** HE'S ALWAYS **HATED!** THE WAY YOU'VE ALWAYS **YELLED** AT ME... ALWAYS **BEAT** ME

**NAGGING!**

YOU'RE ALWAYS **DRUNK** ON CHRISTMAS, DICK! YOU'RE A **BUM!**



ALWAYS YOU **BLAME** ME FOR RANDOLPH'S **SICKNESS!** I DO MY **BEST** AND THIS IS THE THANKS I GET!

**SHADDOO** ON WHY! IN BOTH OF BEARS WHO I GREAT **WOMEN**... I'VE BEEN SO **CRAZY**!



IS NEW YORK **PRETTY** LIKE SAN FRANCISCO **ANYMORE?**

NEW YORK IS A **BIG, COWLEY** PLACE **BLAH!**

THINGS LIKE **THOSE** JUST DON'T **HAPPEN** WHERE I CAME FROM

THEY ONLY **HAPPEN** **HERE** ON **CHRISTMAS**... JUST LIKE **CLOCK** WORK!

**WATCH OUT** FOR HIM **WILLY!**



YOU MEAN **NOBODY** **LIVES** THERE?

NOT EXACTLY **LOVER!** SO MANY **PEOPLE** LIVE THERE THAT IT'S **HARD** FOR THEM ALL TO **GET ALONG!**

**DAMN!** WHY DOES A THING LIKE **THIS** HAVE TO **HAPPEN** ON **CHRIST** **MAS?**

WHY CAN'T **PEOPLE** **GET ALONG?**



YOU MEAN THEY **FIGHT** LIKE YOU AND DADDY USED TO...?

YOU BEEN **SCREECHIN'** AT ME FOR TWENTY-ODD YEARS **WOMAN**... I'VE **HAD** IT...



**CRAZY!! DON'T YOU CALL MY SON CRAZY!!  
HE'S SUCH... THAT'S ALL! HE'LL GET BETTER...  
AND THEN, MR. PERFECT-FATHER, HE'LL  
SHOW YOU..!**

**YOU'RE TRYING TO  
FATHER UP MY YEAR,  
DADDY! BUT AT LEAST  
I ADMIT I'LL FARE  
WITH THAT SON!**

**...LITTLE GIRLS SHOULDN'T  
BE SO AGGRESSIVE!**

**CYMON  
GIRLIE.. WE JUST  
WANT YOU TO  
SPREAD A LITTLE  
CHRISTMAS  
CHEER..**

**AN... FINALLY  
YOU ADMIT YOU'RE  
TO BLAME FOR THE  
WAY RANDOLPH SET**

**OH ONLY MYSELF  
HOW COULD YOU SAY  
HE MOTHERS BLAME IT  
ON OTHER MATHS  
TO KIDNAP ME  
SINCE AN YOU KIDS  
AM LOCKED IN HERE  
OH HUH HE LOATHED  
"YOU DOROTHY"**

**IS DADDY HAPPY IN  
NEWWORK, MOMMY?**

**HE HATES  
YOU!**

**YOU'RE ALL  
IT LOOKED  
A THAT PLACE..!**

**YOUR FATHER  
ALWAYS HAD A GOOD  
TIME, BABY!**



YOU BLAME ME FOR THAT, TOO, DON'T YOU, DICK? YOU BLAME ME FOR WHAT RANDOLPH DID TO THAT LITTLE GIRL?

WE'RE BOTH TO BLAME FOR THAT, DORRINE!



WE NEVER GAVE RANDOLPH ENOUGH LOVE! AND WHEN HE WAS SPURNED BY GIRLS HIS OWN AGE... HE... HE HAD TO TURN ELSEWHERE FOR THAT LOVE...

THAT POOR, POOR LITTLE GIRL...



HE'S BEEN CLOUDED AROUND MUST BE BLAMING HER FOR WHERE HE IS TODAY... LOCKED IN THAT INSTITUTION!

A LITTLE BIT OF MY OWN PARENTS...



MOMMY, YOU AND DADDY AREN'T MARRIED ANYMORE, ARE YOU?

DO ALL FIVE-YEAR OLDS ASK AS MANY QUESTIONS AS YOU, SWEETHEART?



DANIELLE'S MOMMY AND DADDY GOT A DIVORCE, TOO...

AND DANIELLE SAYS THAT MEANS SHE DON'T HAVE A DADDY NO MORE!



IS DADDY STILL MY DADDY, MOMMY?

OH, BABY! OF COURSE HE IS! JUST BECAUSE DADDY IS NO LONGER MARRIED TO MOMMY DOESN'T MEAN...



EEEEEEEEEE!



DO YOU THINK RANDOLPH IS HAVING A GOOD CHRISTMAS, JACK?

IF HE WISHES, HE'D FIND A WAY TO COME HOME TO US, BORDYNY!



MUMMY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

I... IT'S NOTHING, BABY. ON DAYS LIKE THIS... YOUR MOTHER JUST WONDERS IF SHE DID THE RIGHT THING...



I'M GLAD HE'S HAPPY FOR ONCE, JACK!

IT'S BEEN SO LONG THAT POOR RANDOLPH HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO BE HAPPY!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOMMY!

YOU WILL, SOMEDAY, LITTLE ONE...

...SOMEDAY...



WE HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT THOUGHT I WON'T PARENTS. **RAG!** THEY HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT UNTIL THE DAY THEY DIE...!!



MOMMY, IS DADDY THINKING ABOUT ME TONIGHT?

OH, BABY, YES. DADDY IS THINKING ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME!

AND ON THIS NIGHT IN PARTICULAR, I'M SURE THAT YOUR FATHER IS THINKING OF NOTHING BUT YOU





YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF THE PARTY IN YOUR HORRIBLE

# ZOMBIE MASK

by VERNE LANGDON

**SO LIFELIKE,  
THAT PEOPLE WILL  
SURELY THINK YOU'RE  
DEAD!**

**REALISTIC HAIR AND  
SKIN JUST LIKE A  
REAL ZOMBIE  
-{YECCH!}-**

**WEAR IT AT  
YOUR OWN RISK**

THE ZOMBIE MASK COVERS YOUR ENTIRE HEAD. PUT ON A SCARF, COAT AND GLOVES WHEN YOU WEAR THIS FANTASTIC MASK. WALK AROUND THE BLOCK & THE NEIGHBORS WILL PROBABLY GO OUT OF THEIR MINDS! WOW!

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. DS  
P.O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station  
New York, New York 10018

Please RUSH me the Verne Langdon  
ZOMBIE MASK. I enclose \$39.50 plus  
\$1.50 postage & handling (Total  
\$41.00).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S  
OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY**



**ONLY  
\$39.<sup>50</sup>**

This fantastically convincing Hollywood ZOMBIE mask is made of heavy rubber and carefully painted by hand. It's very flexible, and fits the whole head perfectly. The mask was especially created by leading Hollywood makeup artist, VERNE LANGDON (you've seen his work often in the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND). Now you can have this eye-popping mask for your very own! Astound your family and friends and be the "Death of the Party!"—That is, if anyone's still around after you take off this ZOMBIE mask!



# PROLOGUE

I'M JUST A  
SIMPLE CAT.  
RATHER, FRY UP

SOME TACOS THAN WINE AND DINE ON  
CHIANTI AND SIRLOIN. **SIMPLE PLEASURES**  
TURN ME ON. **MAYBE, BECAUSE I CAN'T**  
**AFFORD ANYTHING ELSE...**

... BUT THEY DO MAKE  
THE BIGGER PLEASURES  
ALL THE MORE WORTH  
WAITING FOR!

I TRY NOT TO LET **MONEY**  
HANG ME UP TOO MUCH!  
I MEAN, EVIL DOES HAVE  
ITS ROOTS, YOU KNOW.  
BESIDES IF IT'S TRUE THAT  
THE MORE YOU **HAVE**, THE  
MORE YOU **WANT**... THEN,  
YOU SHOULD BE CONTENT  
WITH NOTHING AT ALL...

SOME PEOPLE MAY CONSIDER  
IT FREE-LOADING OFF OTHERS  
HAND-EARNED ACCOMPLISHMENTS,  
BUT I TEND TO LOOK AT  
IT STRICTLY FROM THE  
STANDPOINT OF MAKING USE  
OF WHATEVER RESOURCES  
ARE **AVAILABLE**. BESIDES...  
WITCHHUNTING'S **FUN**, AND  
**TRAVELING** PREVENTS YOUR  
ENVIRONMENT FROM GETTING  
STAGNANT.

OF COURSE, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, IT HAS  
ITS DECIDED **DRAWBACKS**... BUT A FEW  
CONCESSIONS TO REALITY NEVER HURT  
**ANYONE**, AND IF A TIRED TRUCK DRIVER  
CAN PUT UP WITH ME, THE LEAST I CAN  
DO IS THE SAME!

HOP IN, KID!  
HOW FAR YOU  
GOING?

FAIR AS  
YOU'LL TAKE ME!  
UP TO AND IN-  
CLUDING WILMONT!

GOING TO SEE  
WHAT THE BIG  
RUCKUS IN  
WILMONT'S ALL  
ABOUT, EH?

YEP!

YOU CAN'T REALLY  
LIKE YOUR HAIR THAT  
**LONG**? WHY DON'T  
YOU GET IT  
**CUT**?

GUESS I'M  
A MASOCHIST!

WHY DON'T  
YOU JUST LET  
YOURS GROW?

OH, YEAH, ONE OTHER  
THING... BESIDES  
SQUASHING FENIES  
ON RAILROAD TRACKS,  
THERE'S NOTHING I  
GET A BIGGER KICK  
FROM THAN **FLYING**  
**SAUCERS** AND  
**MYSTERIOUS MEN**  
**IN BLACK**.

BECAUSE I'M **NORMAL**! WHY  
SHOULD I LET IT GROW LONG  
JUST SO'S I CAN LOOK  
PUNKY AND SAY I'M **DIF-**  
**FERENT**? ONLY YOU **AIN'T**  
DIFFERENT CAUSE **ALL**  
YOU KIDS TODAY GOT  
**LONG HAIR**!

AIN'T  
I RIGHT?

WHO WOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT A  
THROUGHWAY  
SPEED-TEAR LIKE  
**WILMONT** WOULD  
EVER EARN THE  
DISTINCTION OF  
PLAYING HOST TO  
THE MOST DIS-  
TINGUISHED  
VISITORS SINCE THE  
MID WINTER  
HAD **ALICE** OVER  
FOR **AFTER-**  
**NOON TEA**...

TAKE MY ADVICE  
...CUT YOUR  
HAIR, KID!

HOPE!  
THANKS  
FOR THE  
RIDE.

RIGHT  
ENOUGH FOR  
YOUR PURPOSES!



SINCE I'D SUCCESSFULLY ... MORE OR LESS ... WITCHED A RIDE I FIGURED I COULD AT LEAST PUT OUT WITH ENOUGH TO COVER THE LUDICROUS GOING RATE OF A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM.

CHET... LOOK! \$ THAT A BOY OR A GIRL...?

YA GOT ME, RALPH! BUT ONE THING IS FOR SURE...

... WE DON'T NEED ANY TROUBLE-MAKING HIPPIES IN TOWN NOW! NOT WHEN WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY!

LOOKS LIKE IT MUST'VE BEEN THE HOTEL CLERK... AT ONE TIME!

I ALMOST REPLIED... BUT THESE TAUNTING EPITHETS WERE HOLLOW... NOTHING MORE THAN THE IGNORANT INTOLERANCE OF THE UNFAMILIAR. BESIDES I HAD OTHER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT... LIKE THE NEAR LOSS OF MY LUNCH. THE MINUTE I STEPPED INTO THAT BLOOD-SPLATTERED HOTEL...

GOOD GOD!...

... WHAT A MESS!

CON MEN NOW IN A GUESSESSLY UNTHOUGHT TALE... A CHAIN OF SEEMINGLY UNEXPLICABLE EVENTS. THE MYSTERY HAS JUST STARTED, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE END FOR THE ANSWER! CAUSE YOU ALL KNOW...

# CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT



THE CELL WAS LIKE SO MANY OTHERS... CRAMPED WITH BARS ON ONE SIDE, CRUMBLING BRICK ON THE OTHER THREE. NO WINDOWS, A FOUR-FOOT LONG METAL COT WITH NO MATTRESS.

...THE LIGHT BULB WAS BURNED OUT SO I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT THE CEILING...

TALK ABOUT THE PERFECT SCAPEGOAT! JUST LIKE A COW LEAPING BURNED INTO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!

WITH A HIPPIE IN TOWN... DISCOVERED NEXT TO THE STINKING CORPSE, YET, WHO ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT...?

CHARLIE MANSON... YOU REALLY BLEW IT FOR LONG HAIRS!!

FIRST DEGREE MURDER... IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A REAL PILE OF BREAD, BUT...

IT FIGURED! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL AND HER CORPSE WAS SLUDGY! A PERFECT COMPLIMENT TO THE STALE CIGARETTE REMAINS WHICH WERE MAKING A CESSPOOL OF MY MOUTH...

HERE WE ARE WITH YOU KNOWING MY NAME, FORMER RESIDENCE, AND RECENT ESCAPADES... AND I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN YOU BEFORE, WHO ARE YOU? AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF BEING OSTRACISED FOR WHAT YOU DID ON MY BEHALF?

I'VE NEVER MET A STRANGER LIKE YOU, SO IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I DO! THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN DON'T CARE FOR STRANGERS... ESPECIALLY HIPPIES AND MEN IN BLACK FROM MARS!

I MEAN I'VE MET CHICKS IN WEIRD SITUATIONS BEFORE, BUT...

...THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WOULD YOU GET THE COIN TO BAIL ME OUT? IT MUST'VE TAKEN...

A LOT! COME ON, YOU CAN STAY AT MY PLACE...

YOU'VE BEEN BAILED OUT, FREAK!

MEN IN BLACK FROM MARS? IN WILMONT, INDIANA? HAVE YOU CHECKED TO SEE THAT NO ONE'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH YOUR SUGAR CUBES? BUT SOMETHING IS GOING ON HERE, LIKE THAT STRANGE SYMBOL INSIDE THAT MOTEL WITH THE BODY...

HIPPIE DRUG SYMBOL, AS FAR AS THE SHERIFF IS CONCERNED, LIKE THE PEACE SYMBOL!



PEACE?!  
REMYND ME  
TO LAUGH AFTER  
I FINISH YOUR  
MUDDY COFFEE!

FORGET THE  
COFFEE... LET'S TAKE  
A WALK. BUT YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO FEEL LIKE  
LAUGHING! GET YOUR  
COAT... IT'S COLD  
OUTSIDE!

THE ANCIENT MODEL-T WAS BRAND  
NEW, AND I WAS SWEATING EVEN  
THOUGH THE FAHRENHEIT WAS  
DEFINITELY COOLING IT...

NEITHER THE HOT COFFEE NOR MY OVERCOAT KEPT MY  
KNEES FROM RAPPING OUT AN UP-TEMPO BEAT IN  
ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE CHATTERING OF MY TEETH,  
BUT THE CAT IN BLACK INSIDE THE MODEL-T SEEMED  
IMPERVIOUS TO THE COLD... EVEN THOUGH HE WORE  
JUST A THIN SUIT... AND NO OVERCOAT!

SOMEONE  
YOU KNOW?

UH, UH!

BUT SOME-  
ONE NOBODY ELSE  
KNOWS... AT LEAST  
NOT IN THIS  
WORLD!

I AM...  
LOOKING FOR...  
INFORMATION CAN...  
YOU... TELL ME...  
WHERE I... AM?

QUITE A JALOPY  
YOU'VE GOT THERE,  
FRIEND! HAVEN'T SEEN  
ONE OF THESE IN THAT  
CONDITION IN AGES!  
WHERE ARE YOU...?

EVEN THE INTERIOR  
UPHOLSTERY OF THE  
ANTIQUEST CAR  
SHELLED CRIST!  
NEW... AS IF  
THE CAR HAD  
JUST BEEN  
DRIVEN FROM  
A TURN OF  
THE CENTURY  
MODEL  
SHOWROOM.

THIS IS WILMONT,  
INDIANA! WHAT  
TOWN ARE YOU  
LOOKING FOR?

WILMONT...  
IN... INDIANA...  
THANK... YOU...  
FOR... THE...  
INFORMATION...

HIS EYES... HYPNOTIC...  
I THOUGHT I WAS GOING  
TO GET IN THE CAR WITH  
HIM AT ANY MOMENT!  
AS IF HE WERE COM-  
PELLING ME TO  
DO SO!

THAT SO?

THAT BY  
THE WAY WAS ONE  
OF THE MEN  
IN BLACK!

I LIKE TO  
WEAR BLACK MY-  
SELF ON OCCASION  
... AND NO MATTER  
WHAT ANYONE  
HYPOTHESIZES TO  
THE CONTRARY, I  
AM A MAN!

THE MODEL-T  
ACCELERATED AND RECESSED  
IN THE DISTANCE... ITS ENGINE HUMMING IN  
PERFECT CONDITION. WENDY SEEMED WEAK,  
DRAINED OF ENERGY.



SHE WAS SUGGESTING...  
**SERIOUSLY...** AND SHE  
WASN'T PROUD  
WITH HER TONGUE IN  
TELLING ME SO.

THIS IS  
NO TIME TO  
BE **FACETIOUS**,  
MY FRIEND!

THERE  
HAVE BEEN  
**THREE GHASTLY**  
**MURDERS** IN  
WILMONT!

**THREE?**  
BUT I ONLY  
SAW **ONE** BODY  
IN THE  
HOTEL!

**TWO PEOPLE**  
WERE MURDERED  
**LAST NIGHT...**  
SHERIFF'S MEN IN  
VESTIGATING THE **UFO**  
REPORTS WERE HORRIBLY  
MUTILATED... AS IF... AS  
IF SOME **MONSTER**  
HAD TORN THEM  
TO **SHREDS!**

AND I  
THINK I'VE  
BEEN  
MARKED AS  
THE **NEXT**  
**VICTIM!**

JUST  
BECAUSE SOME  
**ECCENTRIC WEIRDO**  
COMES TO YOUR DOOR  
ASKING FOR  
DIRECTIONS...?

**NO!**  
I MEAN...  
**YES...**

BUT THAT'S  
NOT THE  
**ONLY**  
REASON!

I'VE BEEN  
APPROACHED  
BY THE MEN IN  
BLACK **TWICE** NOW!  
THE FIRST TIME  
WAS THE NIGHT  
AFTER I TESTIFIED  
TO HAVING SEEN  
AN UNIDENTIFIED  
**OBJECT** HOVER-  
ING OVER A  
FIELD JUST TO  
THE SOUTH!

**NOW**  
YOU'RE TRYING  
TO TELL ME YOU'VE  
SEEN A **FLYING**  
**SAUCER...**?

...SHE MISINTERPRETED MY  
SURPRISE AS AN ACCUSATION  
OF **LYING!**

ALL RIGHT,  
THEN. WE'RE  
GOING INTO TOWN  
WHERE I CAN  
**PROVE** WHAT  
I SAW!

I DIDN'T SAY  
YOU WERE **LYING...**  
JUST FIND IT A LITTLE  
HARD TO **BELIEVE**, IS ALL.

SURE, THE **UFO** REPORTS FROM WILMONT WERE A  
CAUSE FOR **CURIOSITY...** THE TUESDAY SUPPLEMENTS  
WERE **FILLED** WITH THEM... BUT WENDY WAS  
TAKING THE WHOLE THING **TOO SERIOUSLY!**

I'M TAKING IT **ALL TOO**  
**SERIOUSLY**, AM I? DON'T  
YOU THINK IT WAS JUST  
A LITTLE STRANGE THAT  
THE MAN IN BLACK  
WASN'T THE LEAST BIT  
**COLD...** EVEN THOUGH IT  
WAS **FREELING**  
OUTSIDE?

AND NOW ABOUT  
THAT BRAND NEW  
**MODEL '76** WHY  
DIDN'T HE KNOW HE  
WAS IN **INDIANA?** AND  
AREN'T THERE MURDERS  
**ENOUGH** TO GET  
SERIOUS OVER...?

IT FIGURED THAT I'D GET HASSLED IN THE NEWSPAPER  
OFFICE, NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN A SMALL TOWN...  
THE **NEWSPAPER** IS USUALLY FIRST TO GET IT.

WHY SHOULD  
I LET YOU SEE THE  
FILES, MISS GRAY?  
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ASSO-  
CIATING WITH THE HIPPIE  
SUSPECTED OF THE  
AFTERNOON'S MURDER  
AT THE HOTEL...!

WHY SHOULD  
YOU'T BECAUSE  
YOU KNOW THE **LAW!**  
THE **LAW** WHICH  
**GUARANTEES** ANY  
CITIZEN THE RIGHT  
TO INSPECT THE  
NEWSPAPER FILES!



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TO LAUGH AFTER  
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UH...UM!

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TO INSPECT THE  
NEWSPAPER FILES!



HE GRUMBLED A BIT, KEEPING UP HIS FACADE OF RESPECTABILITY, BUT...

ALL RIGHT! COME WITH ME! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK ABOUT IT... WE'RE CLOSING THE FILES SOON!

WILL  
51  
FILE  
ROOM

I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT OUR WAY! WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION, THAT IS...

THERE WAS A SHIFTLING OF THEM... ALL ALLUDING TO SAUCER-TYPE UFO'S AND MYSTERIOUS MEN IN BLACK WHO SUPPOSEDLY INHABITED THEM...

OH, HMM... THE MURDER OF THE TWO SHERIFFS INVESTIGATORS SEEMS TO BE TIED IN WITH THE HOTEL SLAYING! THAT SAME STRANGE Z IN A CIRCLE SYMBOL WAS FOUND ON THEIR CAR! BUT...

...THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANY CONNECTION WITH THE RECENT RATE OF UFO SIGHTINGS!

OH, COME ON, RICK! I'VE HEARD OF SKEPTICS BEFORE... BUT YOU'RE REALLY TOO...

WAIT!

LISTEN... THAT VOICE... HALTING... WHISPERY...

DEJA VUS OF THE LONE RANGER AND TOWNS CIRCUMSPECUALLY SAYING ON THE BAD GUYS FROM BEHIND CONVENIENT BOULDERS PUSH-REGISTERED AS WE PEERED AROUND THE DOORWAY AT...

HIM! IT'S THE SAME MAN IN BLACK!

SO... IT IS A SMALL TOWN, ISN'T IT?

YOU SEE?... WE ASKED ABOUT THE UFO SIGHTINGS! HE WANTS TO SEE HOW MUCH WE KNOW...!

SURE! AND THEN THE BUG-EYED SPACE MONSTERS WILL INVADE AN UNSUSPECTING EARTH!

AND HE'LL WANT TO FIND THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF WITNESSES... SO HE AND THE OTHERS CAN MURDER THEM!

I WOULD... LIKE... TO... INSPECT... YOUR... FILES... REGARDING... THE... RECENT... SIGHTINGS... OR... STRANGE AIRBORNE... VEHICLES...

YOU TOO? WELL, COME BACK TOMORROW!

WE'RE CLOSING THE FILE ROOM UP FOR THE NIGHT AS SOON AS THE OTHER PEOPLE ARE FINISHED...

YOU CAN BE JUST AS SARCASTIC AS YOU WANT... BUT... MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO FOLLOW HIM... JUST TO BE SURE.

SURE... ALWAYS TIME FOR A MOONLIGHT RIDE WITH A BEAUTIFUL CHICK!



...IT GETS COLD IN THE WINTER IN INDIANA... ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT. I WAS FREEZING, BUT...

HEY... AREN'T YOU COLD? YOU FORGOT YOUR COAT IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!

HOW CAN YOU WORRY ABOUT A TRIVIAL THING LIKE BEING COLD AT A TIME LIKE THIS? THIS IS SERIOUS! LOOK... UP AHEAD! THE MODEL T IS PULLING INTO A CLEARING.

IT WAS THE BIGGEST MOTHER OF A MACHINE I'D EVER SEEN... GLOWING WITH A SICKENING GREEN LUMINESCENCE... GLEAMING AND FORTNIDABLE...

...AND AS ALIEN AS WELL.

WHAT THE...? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! TAKE ME AWAY... THIS IS IT... GET THE STRAIGHT JACKET AND LOCK ME UP IN THE RUBBER ROOM...

WENDY... WHERE ARE YOU GOING? LET'S BE A LITTLE DISCREET ABOUT THIS GIG, WHM?

WAIT A MINUTE, DAMMIT!

YOU'RE NOT COLD BUT YOU ARE A STRANGER WHO BAILED ME OUT FOR NO REASON... LURED ME INTO THIS WHOLE SCIENCE FICTION FREAK-OUT YOU GOTTA BE...

I THOUGHT ON THAT LAST PART FOR JUST A SECOND BUT THEN SHE RAISED HER TENDACLE TO ANSWER ME...

...A BUG-EYED MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE...?

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH! YOU'RE THE MURDERER... AND YOUR NEXT VICTIM IS ME... A GUY WHO'S LEARNED A LITTLE TOO MUCH!



THE SLURRY MASS OF GRADE-B SCIENCE FICTION WHICH HAD **MASQUERADED** AS WENDY PULLED THE CAR TO A STOP AND ISSUED A **GUTURAL COMMAND...**

GET OUT OF THE CAR, MY FRIEND!

THANKS, BUT...

NO THANKS, I'VE GOT A **PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT... WITH LIFE!**

I **SLAMMED** THE DOOR AND **KICKED** THE ACCELERATOR... SPARKS OF TURF **SPREWING** BEHIND ME! THE **MEN IN BLACK** **GALVANIZED** INTO SHOCKED INACTION... SHRIeking THEIR IMPORTANT **RAGE...** THEY **KNEW** IT WAS **FUTILE..!**

THEY AIN'T NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS **BACK HOME!** BETTER **SPLIT FAST** OR I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO **TELL** ABOUT IT!

VAR

I **ESCAPED** BY THE **SKIN OF MY TEETH** AS THEY SAY NOW, IN MY RENTED ROOM, I AM WRITING ALL THIS DOWN. IF I'D **WAITED** UNTIL **TOMORROW** I MIGHT THINK IT WAS ALL A **BAD DREAM...**

EVEN NOW I FIND THE WHOLE THING MORE THAN **SLIGHTLY PREPOSTEROUS**. I MEAN... THINGS LIKE THAT JUST DON'T **HAPPEN**. MAN! AND FORGET THE **CRISP, EXPLICIT** REPORTAGE STYLE OF WRITING... I CAN'T BE **UNEMOTIONAL** ABOUT THIS... IT'S TOO **FANTASTIC!**

SO I'VE **ESCAPED..!** FROM A SITUATION WHICH MIGHT ONLY HAVE OCCURRED IN MY **IMAGINATION** ANYWAY! EITHER WAY, THANK GOD, I'M SAFE NOW...

THINGS ARE GETTING EVEN **HAZIER** AS I WRITE THIS. ALTHOUGH EVERY BIT OF IT IS **TRUE...** AS FAR AS I CARE TO REMEMBER.

LOOKS LIKE THE **END** OF OUR **TALE** IS STILL **YET TO COME!** WHO SAYS MY SERIES NEVER HAD ANY **SYMBOLISM?**



**DECEMBER 22, 1978 9:00 PM**

THE SIDEWALK SANTA CLAUSE IS TIRED! HIS ARMS ACHE FROM  
CRAWLING, FORTUNED, CLANGING REACHED OUT INTO THE  
CHILLED CITY NIGHT AND IS UNWASHERD...YET STILL THE  
SIDEWALK SANTA CONTINUES HIS MONOTONOUS RETURN.

BEHIND HIM, IN THE SHADOWS, A FIGURE...LISTENS...  
WATCHES...AND GLARES NATEFULLY!



THE FIGURE STIRS!  
DETAINT CITY BOMBS  
PRESS IN UPON HIM  
ALL AT ONCE MUTED  
AND INMEDIATELY  
CAMELY ON THE  
FROZEN-LAUGH  
WIND

HA EYES WIDEN!  
HE REALIZES THAT HIS  
BLINDED HANDS ARE  
TIGHTLY CLENCHED!  
THE ANGER HAS  
RETURNED.

YOU!  
YOU'RE  
THE ONE...

YOU'RE THE ONE  
I WANT!

AARRGG!



Not a **CREATURE**  
WAS STIRRING

WELL, HE'S  
NOT OF SORE,  
NINE CHAIRS  
MY LAST  
SUBSTITUTING  
SCIENCE OF  
WISDOM  
YOUNG!

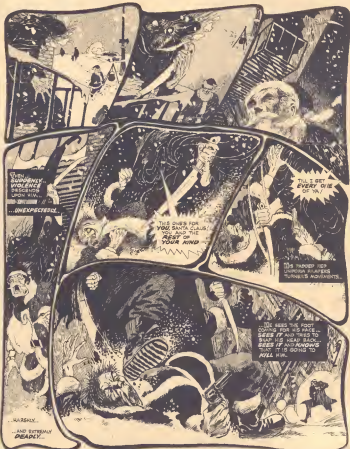








STUBBER FACES INTO THE PIERCING WIND, GLAD TO LET HIS ACHING BELL-ARM REST. THE WORST IS YET TO COME HE REALIZES / FOR NOW HE HAS TO GAULE CHRISTMAS CHIRN AT THE PASSERS-BY AND HOPING ONE OF THEM IS THE MAN WHO HAS SLAUGHTERED FIVE SIDE-WALK SANTA CLAUSES.



EVEN  
SURPRISE...  
VIOLENCE  
DESCENDS  
UPON HIM...  
...UNEXPECTEDLY...

THIS ONE'S FOR  
YOU, SANTA CLAUS!  
YOU AND THE  
REST OF  
YOUR KIND...

THAT I GET  
EVERY ONE  
OF YOU!

THE THROTTLED RED  
UNDERPA SLAPERS  
TURNING MOVEMENTS...

...HE SEES THE FOOT  
COMING FOR HIS FACE...  
SEES IT AND TRIES TO  
SNAP HIS HEAD BACK...  
SEES IT AND KNOWS  
THAT IT IS GOING TO  
KILL HIM.

...MURDER...  
...AND EXTREMELY  
DEADLY...



IT'S JUST COLORED ICE WATER THAT SAVES MOST OF TURNERS. SHALTY ICE WATER THAT GIVES UNDER HIS ASSAILANTS FOOT. THE FOOT STILL CONNECTS BUT IT'S A LITTLE MORE THAN A GLANCING BLOW.



DAVE!  
STAY DOWN!

LORD YOU ROSE  
RIGHT INTO MY  
SHOOTS! I NEARLY  
BLEW OFF  
THE BACK OF YOUR  
HEAD!



WE'LL NEVER  
FIND HIM NOW!  
TOO DARK!  
AND HE KNOWS  
THIS PLACE  
TOO WELL!

YEAH, IN  
JUST THIRTY  
SECONDS TIME  
WE BLEW  
IT!



HE HAS A PLAN. A REAL  
SOLUTION. AKA SANTA  
CLOCKWORK FOR HIS TEAM.

VIRGIL LOCKWOOD STARES  
AT THE PARKING SPINE THAT  
HOVERS ABOVE THE CITY... AND  
REALIZES THAT HE HAS CREATED  
A ENVIABLE REALITY OUT OF A  
ONCE... YEAH, MYN.

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS,  
VIRGIL. THAT'S ABOUT ALL  
THE TIME YOU GOT LEFT TO  
DO ANY COMMUNICATING  
YOU WANT TO DO TILL  
NEXT YEAR!



AN VIRGIL WHY DON'T  
YOU GIVE IT UP? STAY  
IN YOUR DEN OF CAPTIVITY  
FORGET THE SUFFERING.  
FORGET WHAT'S OUT  
THERE!

THIS IS VIRGIL LOCKWOOD.  
AGAINST HIS THOUGHTS WORKING  
BEING THE MAN HE HAS RECENT  
ANY GREAT DISTINCTION.

MOVING OUT OF HIS DEN  
OF CAPTIVITY AND INTO A  
LARGER CASE. ONE THAT  
DOES NOT CLEARLY MARK  
ALL ITS VICTIMS OR ALL  
ITS PREDATORS!

COOKING UP INTO THE  
SLUSH, SLIME AND COLD  
CRISPNESS OF AN ALL TOO  
BIG AND LONGING CITY...





DETECTIVE SECOND GRADE DAVID TURNER HARDLY TASTES HIS FLAT WHISKY IF THIS WERE A DECEMBER NIGHT EARLIER IN HIS LIFE PERHAPS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND A WAY TO WASH HIS REMORIES AWAY!

AT LEAST THE FORECAST IS FOR **REAL SNOW** THIS CHRISTMAS EVE



THOSE TWO WORD ANSWERS ARE GOING TO **RUIN** THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I'M SORRY IT'S JUST THIS CHRISTMAS BLUES DEPRESSION. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A ROSE OF IT YOURSELF.

IT'S THE SANTA CLAUS CASE THAT'S DOING IT, ISN'T IT?

HOW DO YOU DO IT, CARE? WHAT DO YOU USE... A GUMMA BOARD FOR YOUR WHIP-READING ACT?

PEOPLE DON'T NEED THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN THEY, WHEN THEY COME TO **KNOW** SOMEONE!

YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS... I KEEP WONDERING WHY I'M CURSED WITH HAVING TO REMEMBER SO VIVIDLY WHAT ALL THOSE SANTA CLAUS CORPSES LOOKED LIKE!

YOU'VE BEEN **WOOFER** LATELY. YOU HAVEN'T PLAYED THE ROLE OF THE ROMANTIC AS **FERVENTLY**!

HOW MANY **MORE** HAVE TO DIE BEFORE THE TERROR ENDS? ...AND WHEN THE SANTA CLAUSES ARE OFF THE STREET... **WHO DOES HE KILL NEXT?**

JUST BE CAREFUL DAVE. THAT'S ALL I DON'T WANT TO **LOSE** YOU... THERE'S JUST NOT THAT MUCH LEFT IN THE WORLD FOR ME... NOTHING MUCH AT ALL.





CRUEL LOCKWOOD SAYS DOWN INTO  
SOME EYES THAT ARE FLAMED WITH  
TRAGEDY AND GRIEF. HIS  
HANDS CAN FEEL THE STURDY PULSE  
OF A QUIVERING BOY...

BUT YOU'VE  
GOT TO  
BELIEVE IN  
A JERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
SON.

I JUST DON'T SEE  
NOW SANTA, CAUSE  
I AIN'T GOT NO DAD  
AND MY MOM'S SICK  
AND... I JUST DON'T  
SEE NOW IT'S  
GONNA BE  
MERRY!

HOW DO YOU  
ANSWER THAT  
VING? YOU GOT  
ANY ANSWERS,  
YOU KNOW-IT-  
ALL SANTA  
CLAUS?

IT'S GONNA BE  
MERRY WHEN YOU  
LAUGH! BUT SANTA  
HE KNOWS BELIEVE ME!  
BUT YOU GOTTA TRY IT FIRST  
SEE? YOU LAUGH FIRST THEN  
YOU'LL SEE NOW IT'S GONNA  
BE MERRY.

NOW YOU DO  
BUT YOUR MOMMA  
SOMETIMES MERRY!  
YOU TELL HER  
IT'S FROM YOU  
AND SANTA,  
OKAY.

AND WHEN YOU  
SEE HER SMILE YOU  
LAUGH THEN, CAUSE  
THAT'S THE PRESENT  
SHE WANTS YOU  
TRY IT SON AND...  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS!



THAT'S WHY! THIS DREPS  
GOTTA BE THE ONE! LIKE  
HE JUST DREPPED OUTTA  
YESTERDAY! 'CEPT I DON'T  
KNOW NOW HE CAN DO  
THAT.

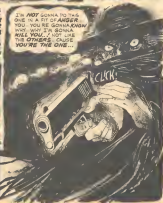


I OUGHTA  
DO IT RIGHT  
NOW I  
OUGHTA!

NO! NO! THIS  
TIME IT'S  
GOTTA BE  
DONE RIGHT!  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT!

TOMORROW NIGHT  
GOOD KID SANTA...  
YOU GOT YOURS, CAUSE  
YOU AIN'T MAKIN' NO  
TEARS THIS YEAR...

I'M NOT GONNA DO THE  
ONE IN A FIT OF ANGER  
YOU - YOU'RE GONNA KNOW  
WHY - WHY I'M GONNA  
KILL YOU. I NOT LIKE  
THE OTHERS, CAUSE  
YOU'RE THE ONE...





IT IS A TYPICAL CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE SATM PRECINCT, WHICH MAKES IT ALL THE MORE DIFFICULT FOR DAVID TURNER TO RELAX. AS THE HYRIAD VOICES SURROUND HIM, THEY HAUD'D DIM THE IMAGES BEHIND THE RETINA OF HIS EYES.

HE WISHES HE WERE WITH CLAUDE DUBOIS, BEARING SOME SHELTER IN HIS WARDEN, STELLING HER FEARS OF CHRISTMAS EVE AND DEATH.

I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING YOU VE...

HEY TURNER GOT A CALL HERE, MIGHT GIVE YA SOMETHING ON THAT SANTA CLAUS CASE.

LADY ON HERE SAYS THERE'S SOME WHOA PERVERT HIDING IN AN ALLEY WATCHING ONE OF THEM SALVATION ARMY SANTA S.

WELL, HOW COME YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME WITH THOSE BLANK EYES? I JUST TOLD YOU I SAW ONE OF THEM URO S!

SAY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

KEEP HER ON, I'LL TAKE IT.

URO'S

FLINDS SAUCER TYPE THINGS.

I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE!

THIS IS DETECTIVE TURNER, SPEAKING TO YOU...

IT'S A WORLD FULL OF SINNERS! AND PERVERTS! AND MEN LIKE THIS DISCIPLE OF EVE, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS! AND I'VE SEEN HE'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS HANDS TOO! AN INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL!

O'BRIEN, GET A CAR READY, I THINK WE'D BETTER CHECK THIS OUT, JUST TO BE SURE.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE SEEN ONE OF THESE SAUCER THINGS, MAAM?

YOU LISTEN TO ME, DETECTIVE WHO-EVER YOU ARE! WHAT KIND OF HONKLE IS THIS, I ASK YOU IT WELL, ITS ONE HEADED FOR THE JUNGLE-MENT DRY, THAT'S WHAT!

OF COURSE, IT IS! TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, FROM WHAT I COULD SEE, IT DON'T LOOK NOTHING LIKE THEY SHOW IN THOSE ADVERTS, NOW DO I NOT NO NOW!!



ALMA WITHERS DOES NOT FEEL THE KISS OF SNOW OR THE KISSING WIND THAT LANCES THESE STREETS. MORAL INNOVATION FIRES HER BEING A PIKE THAT IS CONTINUALLY RAISED BY THE FURTIVE MOVEMENTS OF THE FIGURE WHICH LURKS IN THE ALLEY.

NO TELLING WHAT THAT  
PASTY PERSON IS DOING  
IN THERE AND THOSE COFS  
CORRUPT AS HIM  
PROBABLY THEY'LL  
PROBABLY JUST TAKE  
THEIR OWN SWEET  
TIME...

THEY DON'T  
CARE WHAT  
KIND OF VICES  
HAPPEN IN  
OUR CITY

DESTROYING ALMA...  
THERE'S GOT TO BE  
SOME OF US WHO'LL  
LET THESE SINNERS  
MAYHEM

REPENT YOU  
SAVAGE BLAS-  
PHEMER! COME  
OUT OF THOSE  
SHADOWS  
AND SEEK THE  
LIGHT!



BLAM!

REPENT AND YE  
SHALL FIND THE  
WAY! REPENT,  
AND YE  
EETECH!

MORAL STARTS TOWARD THE FALLEN WOMAN BEFORE HE  
ACTUALLY UNDERSTANDS WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER...  
STARTS TOWARD HER IN ONE MOVEMENT AND IN ANOTHER  
MOMENTS... FACING A FIGURE THAT BLOCKS HIS PATH.



MORAL KNOWS THIS FIGURE HAS KILLED OTHERS...  
HE KNOWS THIS IS THE FIGURE THE NEWSPAPERS  
HAVE LABELED "SANTA CLAUSE KILLER!" AND HE  
KNOWS THE FIGURE INTENDS TO KILL HIM!!



THE SILENCE INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR IS OPPRESSIVE. TANNER BEGINS THE STALLING. FOR SILENCE ONLY BRINGS CLAIR'S PLEADING VOICE TO HIS EARS. IT BRINGS THAT AND THE CURIOUS FEELING THAT HE HAS MADE THIS ROAD BEFORE...



WHY CAN'T THE NOTHS AND THE FAIRY TALES BE TRUE FOR JUST ONE DAY? COULDN'T ANY OF THE ANGELS BE REALITY FOR JUST ONE NIGHT?



HEY YOU'VE CHANGED. GIVE YOU KNOW THAT?



CHANGED? YOU MEAN?



LAST YEAR YOU TALKED LIKE ONE OF THE GRADE SCHOOL NOS.



YOU BEAN IN A CRYSTAL NOW?



WHAT THE HELL KIND OF CRYSTAL? YOU'RE TALKING OUT TO BE A SOUR OLD GOAT LIKE ME.



I GUESS IT HITS US SLOWLY, MR. O'BRYEN. WE NEVER REALIZE WHAT WE'RE LOSING BECAUSE WE NEVER SAW THE STEPS IN OUR EVOLUTION.



UNTIL ONE DAY YOU STOP. SOMEONE REVEALS SOME INSIGHT ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOU WONDER HOW YOU BECAME THE PERSON YOU KNOW ARE.



HEY GIVE YOU MIND TALKIN' AS ONE THING?



WHAT'S THAT?



HOW COME YOU NEVER SPEAK ENGLISH?





IT'S QUITE A BIT LIKE A MIDNIGHT HIGH NOON TO ME... THOUGH HE FEELS A LITTLE LIKE A BAKY MONSTER AS SENSES THE PULSING MURDER OF EMOTIONS DIRECTED AT HIM... OR RATHER, AT THE FIGURE HE PORTRAITS...

...DARKER IS THE MOST OBVIOUS EMOTION... A VICIOUS, LONG NURTURED DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE... LACED WITH FEAR... AND FEARFUL CLUMPS IN EYES TWISTED IN AGONY.

YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE SANTA, AND I'LL KILL YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU'RE STANDING... YOU DOG THAT?



WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT SON? HOW CAN ONE SO YOUNG HATE SO VIOLENTLY?

HOW OLD ARE YOU? SEVENTEEN? EIGHTEEN AT THE MOST?



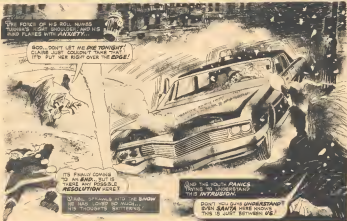
JUST AS I REMEMBER THE TELEGRAM GOING TO THE HOUSE... JUST AS I REMEMBER WHAT IT DID TO MOM AND DAD AND ME.













# DECEMBER 25, 1978 MIDNIGHT

FOR A MOMENT TURNER THINKS HE HEARS DISTANT TRANKING SOUNDS. HE WINKS, SEES THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND AND TRY TO REGISTER ON SOMETHING... SOMETHING HE IS NOT QUITE SURE HE HAS REALLY SEEN.

OSREN WANTS THAT OVERHELD?

UNE WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW! SOME KIND OF...

AAAAARRG

THE THREE MEN HUNT... STANDING MUTE, HEARING SCOWS OF PAINT LAUGHTER AND CHIMES THAT BIVAN ANNOUNCE ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY!

TURNER IS STUNNED! HIS MIND NOTES THE PHYSICAL FACTS IN THE SAME PROCEDURE HE HAS USED THROUGH OUT HIS LIFE...

SOMETHING'S RUN NOW OVER! BEEN TRAMPLED TO DEATH!!

COLUMBIA BEEN THAT U.F.O. THEY'VE BEEN SEEN... THAT COULDN'T BE... NOW, IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

HE KNOWS THE INCIDENT WILL ADD TO A LOT OF EVENTS THAT HE WILL PROBABLY NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGURE THOUGH-OUT HIS LIFE. YET HE KNOWS IT IS OVER, KNOWS THAT HE AND OSREN WILL LEAVE THE ROOF-TOP ALIVE!

HE'S FINALLY GOTTEN THE CHRISTMAS HE WANTED... WHAT HE REALLY DESIRED... PEACE AT LAST...

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER CRISPY CHRISTMAS PACKAGE OF GORE-ISA DELIGHTS. HERE'S HOPING YOUR MIDNIGHTS ARE AS BRIGHTLY HAPPY AS MINE HAVE BEEN. LITTLE GHOUL! WE'LL SEE YOU COME THE NEW YEAR...!





# **CREEPLY COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE?** **ACT NOW!**

#14900 CREEPLY #1 \$3.75	#14901 CREEPLY #2 \$3.75	#14902 CREEPLY #3 \$3.75	#14903 CREEPLY #4 \$3.75	#14904 CREEPLY #5 \$3.75	#14905 CREEPLY #6 \$3.75	#14906 CREEPLY #7 \$3.75	#14907 CREEPLY #8 \$3.75	#14908 CREEPLY #9 \$3.75	#14909 CREEPLY #10 \$3.75
#14910 CREEPLY #11 \$3.75	#14911 CREEPLY #12 \$3.75	#14912 CREEPLY #13 \$3.75	#14913 CREEPLY #14 \$3.75	#14914 CREEPLY #15 \$3.75	#14915 CREEPLY #16 \$3.75	#14916 CREEPLY #17 \$3.75	#14917 CREEPLY #18 \$3.75	#14918 CREEPLY #19 \$3.75	#14919 CREEPLY #20 \$3.75
#14920 CREEPLY #21 \$3.75	#14921 CREEPLY #22 \$3.75	#14922 CREEPLY #23 \$3.75	#14923 CREEPLY #24 \$3.75	#14924 CREEPLY #25 \$3.75	#14925 CREEPLY #26 \$3.75	#14926 CREEPLY #27 \$3.75	#14927 CREEPLY #28 \$3.75	#14928 CREEPLY #29 \$3.75	#14929 CREEPLY #30 \$3.75
#14930 CREEPLY #31 \$3.75	#14931 CREEPLY #32 \$3.75	#14932 CREEPLY #33 \$3.75	#14933 CREEPLY #34 \$3.75	#14934 CREEPLY #35 \$3.75	#14935 CREEPLY #36 \$3.75	#14936 CREEPLY #37 \$3.75	#14937 CREEPLY #38 \$3.75	#14938 CREEPLY #39 \$3.75	#14939 CREEPLY #40 \$3.75
#14940 CREEPLY #41 \$3.75	#14941 CREEPLY #42 \$3.75	#14942 CREEPLY #43 \$3.75	#14943 CREEPLY #44 \$3.75	#14944 CREEPLY #45 \$3.75	#14945 CREEPLY #46 \$3.75	#14946 CREEPLY #47 \$3.75	#14947 CREEPLY #48 \$3.75	#14948 CREEPLY #49 \$3.75	#14949 CREEPLY #50 \$3.75
#14950 CREEPLY #51 \$3.75	#14951 CREEPLY #52 \$3.75	#14952 CREEPLY #53 \$3.75	#14953 CREEPLY #54 \$3.75	#14954 CREEPLY #55 \$3.75	#14955 CREEPLY #56 \$3.75	#14956 CREEPLY #57 \$3.75	#14957 CREEPLY #58 \$3.75	#14958 CREEPLY #59 \$3.75	#14959 CREEPLY #60 \$3.75

**BEEN FEELING EERIE  
 LATELY?**  
**CREEPIFY YOURSELF BY  
 SENDING FOR THESE  
 MONSTERIFIC  
 BACK ISSUES!**



# **CREEPLY'S CATACOMBS**

## **A SNEAKY DOUBLE-BARRILED PROFILE OF W.R. MOHALLEY** **A BEHIND-THE-SCENES WARREN STAFF**

Thousands of letters pour into the offices of Warren Publishing each day. And out of every thousand or two, there's always one letter from this little six-year old kid down in Prosser, Alabama, who demands to know who W.R. Mohalley is, and why his name appears on the contents page of every Warren magazine.

In response to this overwhelming deluge of mail (from that brut down in Alabama) we present this special double-barrelled profile of the behind-the-scenes man who made Warren Publishing what it is today.



W.R. Mohalley, or Billy The Kid, as he is known in the Warren offices, is the one man production department of CREEPLY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA magazines. He spends his days slunched over his drawing board, snuffing the flames of rubber cement as he pastes together the letters pages, features pages and contents pages of the three Warren magazines.

Like most artists, the Kid likes to sign his masterful accomplishments. So we let him put his name on the contents page of every issue. When the kid isn't ecstatically bent over his drawing board, he doubles as the office whipping boy. Should publisher Warren or

# **NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! TELL US WHAT YOU LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT THE WARREN MAGAZINES!**

We're inviting the readers of all Warren Magazines to answer this special questionnaire. It will take just a minute of your time, and it should be fun. And of course, we're interested in your opinions.

- What made you buy this magazine?
  - ☐ Less than six months
  - ☐ Six months to a year
  - ☐ One year or more years
  - ☐ Two years or more
- How long have you been reading CREEPLY?
  - ☐ Often (10 issues a year)
  - ☐ Frequently (5-8 issues a year)
  - ☐ Seldom (1-4 issues a year)
  - ☐ This is my first issue
  - ☐ I have a subscription
- What other magazines do you read regularly?
  - ☐ Excellent ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor
- Why do you buy CREEPLY? (Check one or more)
  - ☐ Because I generally like the magazine
  - ☐ I buy an issue because of its cover
  - ☐ I buy an issue because I see something of interest in the stories
  - ☐ I buy an issue because of the artists featured
  - ☐ I buy an issue because of the writers featured
  - ☐ I am a comic book freak!
- What is your general impression of this magazine?
  - ☐ Excellent ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor
- Which story appearing in this issue did you like the most?
  - ☐ Why?
  - ☐ Which story in this issue did you like the least?
- Why?
- What do you look forward to most in CREEPLY each month?
  - ☐ If you could eliminate any section of this magazine, what would it be?
  - ☐ If you could add a section or a feature to this magazine, what would it be?
- Who are your favorite comic book artists?
  - ☐ Who are your favorite comic book writers?
- Would you prefer to see a continuing character series in CREEPLY?
  - ☐ Yes! ☐ No!
- What type of series or series character would you like to see in CREEPLY?
  - Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_
  - Address: \_\_\_\_\_
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All replies received before February 7, 1974 will be acknowledged personally. Thank you.

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